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of
Rugby School.

THE BOOK OF RUGBY SCHOOL.

ITS HISTORY
AND ITS DAILY LIFE.

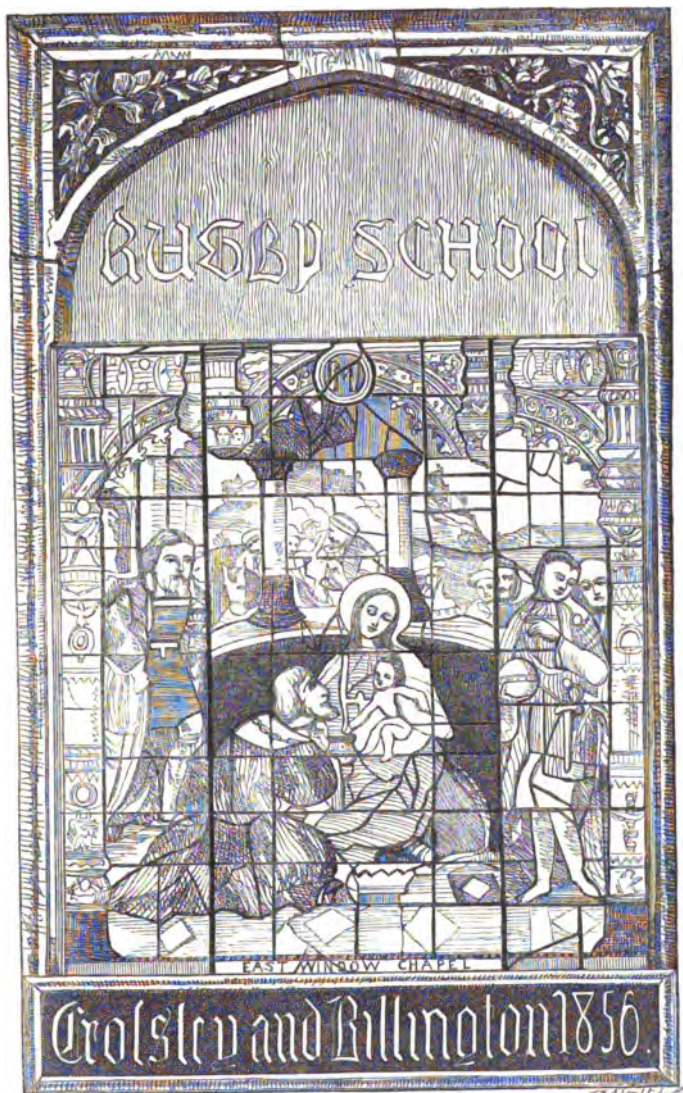
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P R E F A C E .

THE following Papers have been written with the view of supplying a need, which various documents have met in part, but none entirely,—the need of a work embracing the entire History of Rugby School, in its Institution, Buildings, and Educational System. Some amount of definite and accessible information respecting every place of National Education is due to the Public. And for the sake of the School itself, it is surely desirable that its old memories and former associations should not be trusted to the precarious vehicle of tradition, but thrown into the more permanent shape of a written record. Rugby's connections with the past are now of nearly three hundred years' standing, and we feel that she has no reason to be ashamed of them.

The published materials, which have been made use of by the Writers, are,

“The History of Rugby School,” published by Ackermann, 1816.

“Nicolas’s History of the Town and School of Rugby,” (Merridew, Coventry; and Pretty, Northampton; 1829); and

“The Memorials of Rugby,” (J. S. Crossley, Rugby, 1843.)

These works furnish ample information on most of the subjects treated of in Chapters I. and IV., not, however, it is thought, in such a form as to supersede an attempt at something of a lighter and more popular cast. Dr. Arnold’s most interesting Biography, by Canon Stanley, is of course the constant book of reference in Chapter II.

Though very large debts to all these sources have to be acknowledged, the papers are all original. They are by different hands, — a circumstance which gives them a variety

of style, with which it is hoped the reader will not be displeased. For the Chapter on the Games, &c., of the School, we are indebted to the sprightly and effective pen of Mr. William Arnold, whose name (so indissolubly bound up with Rugby) it is a great pleasure and privilege to be able to connect with this Work. But in an illustrated Book the pencil is as important an element as the pen; and the design could never have been carried out, had not Mr. Henry Edward Chetwynd-Stapylton, of the Admiralty, undertaken to furnish us (at no small expence of time and trouble) with the wood-cuts and vignettes which garnish ~~The Book of Rugby School~~, and which we trust will beguile the reader's way through an occasional page of dry matter.

EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN,

Headmaster.

The School House, Rugby,
November, 1886.

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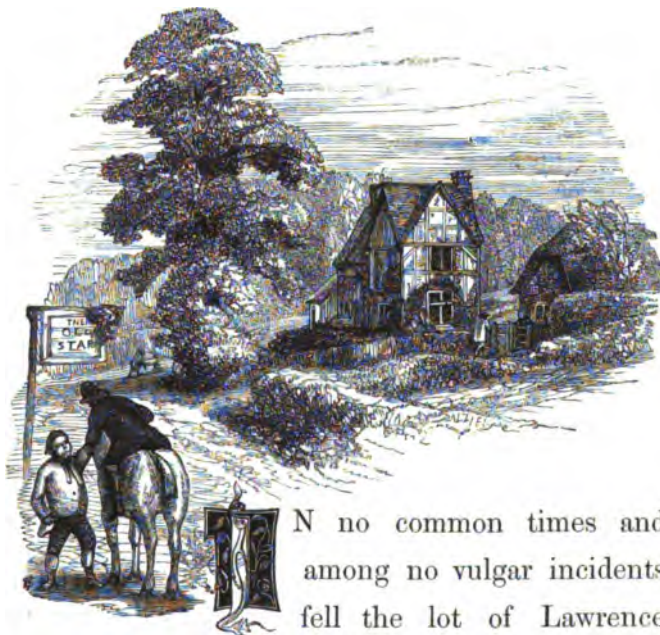
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CHAPTER I.

THE FOUNDER.

"THE LITTLE ONE SHALL BECOME A THOUSAND."



The Sheriffe. Born in the reign of the
Parsonage first Tudor and dying when the last
at
Brownsaver. was in her height of glory, he dwelt
under the meridian splendours of the English
monarchy, he heard the first mutterings of
that civil storm which cleared the air for a

calmer day of unlicentious freedom, and in his days was the main work done by the master workmen upon that great edifice the English Church. Those were times when all honest men had to take a side, with too much likelihood that, whatever side they took, they would some day suffer for it. Yet they were times when to take a side was hard for the most honest man; so much there was to love and cherish in the old, and, mingling with the great hopes and golden promise of the future, so much to dread. Happy the man who in days like those can strike the balance well: clouds are over him as he walks, and many misgivings within him, but ever is it seen in after ages that they have judged the best who have not been behind their times; but whether high or humble have moved side by side, or at least been heart with heart, with the foremost men of the age; men who like the old hero and his companions know how to obey the oracles that point them over perilous seas to an unknown and distant shore, but forget not among the hissing of flames and sights of

death to bear forth with them their household gods and sacred fire:—Men of Memory at once and Men of Hope.

Such a man, we believe, in his humble way, was “Our Founder Lawrence Sheriffe.”

King Henry the Seventh had much cause to bewail himself ere he died, that rich as his exchequer was with exactions wrung from groaning counties, it might have been overflowing with the spoils of Eldorado, if for once he had not used a little over-caution, and framed his royal answers somewhat too nicely to a certain navigator from Genoa, who forthwith sailed away from Spain, and sailed on till he touched another world. In the last few years of this same reign the Lord Abbots had no peers in England for dignity or splendour or breadth of lands, and little thought that their time was almost come, and their kingdom soon to be divided; the Lord Bishops burnt and branded more and more Lollards every year, and little knew what harvest that seed of blood would yield. Sometime in those years a child was born in Rokeby (for so in their older sweeter

tongue they called our midland village), who grew up a stedfast Lollard, till the time came when Lollards sat in the Bishops' thrones, and their name was a reproach no more. He saw monkish forms vanish from the churches and the streets, and monastery roofs fall in, and the only well-spent part of their confiscated wealth he saw bestowed in the foundation of colleges and innumerable schools. He made in London a great fortune by the strange fruits and spices of the new-found world, and with that fortune he founded his own school too, after the pattern, although more prosperously than most others, of the many which he saw gifted with Abbey Lands. All his life long he was known for a plain, plain-spoken Englishman of the middle rank, and in a plain man's love for the place of his birth he so used his wealth that we count him now among England's Benefactors.

This child was the last of his line who bore the name of Sheriffe: his parents carried him to the Church, in some unknown corner of which he now sleeps side by side

with them; they christened him in the old font, of which a relic, now rescued from a long



The Remains of the Font.

profanation, lies behind St. Matthew's Church: they anointed him with holy oil brought from the mother church at Clifton; and they called him Lawrence, as many men of "Rokeby" were called in those days, from the great Saint upon whose feast the ancient fair of King Henry the Third was held there.

The eastern gables of his father's house looked over the green mounded lines which still traced the ground-plan of the castle of Sir Henry de Rokeby, built like so many others, by order of King Stephen, to secure him against the Empress Maud and Henry the Second, and destroyed, like so many others, by order of Henry the Second, to secure him against his barons. The south windows and

the porch opened towards the church, whose singular massy-walled tower, with its narrow lights, its single access from the church, its tall battlements (never in that age meant for decorations), and its successive stories, in which there hung no bells, had been built in the reign of Henry the Third, to do duty, in case of need, for the demolished castle.

The churchyard, doubtless, was for a time the daily play-ground of young Lawrence and his sisters Agnes and Bridget, as two centuries later, it was the playground of his scholars; but what was his schooling, and how he became a Reformer, and when he gave up the church-yard and the Avon, and



"The Planks" over The Avon.

went to the "cittie of London," and what set him to the trade of "Spicerie and Grocerie,"

of this we know nothing. But in the midst of this darkness we stumble suddenly upon an out-of-the-way passage in Foxe's Martyrs, which unIntroduced by any former mention of the man, presents us with one scene in his life, so vivid, so quaintly told, so eminently characteristic in its traits of bluff plain-speaking ardour for a royal mistress's honour, and of fearless defiance of the crushing power of her enemies, that it is in its way a truly perfect sketch.

It must have been amid the heavy merri-
ment of the Christmas of 1554, that the
following circumstance occurred:—when the
Princess Elizabeth, after her dreary confine-
ment in the Tower, and her scarcely less
dreary restraint at Woodstock, was once more
restored to the royal circle at Hampton Court
with the hope of inducing her to accept the
Prince of Savoy for her husband, and to enter
the Romish Communion.

Although this historie following be not directly
appertaining to the former matter, yet the same
may here not unaptly be inserted, for that it doth

A note of
a story de-
claring the
malignant

hearts of the
papists to-
wards Lady
Elizabeth.

discover and shew forth the malicious hearts of the Papists toward this vertuous Queene our Sovereigne Lady in the time of Queene Marie her sister, which is reported, as a truth credibly told, by sundrie honest persons, of whome some are yet alive, and doe testifie the same. The matter whereof is this.

Rob. Farrer
of London a
sore enemy
to Lady Eli-
zabeth.

¶ Soone after the stir of Wiat and the troubles that happened to this Queene for that cause, it fortun'd one Robert Farrer a Haberdasher of London, dwelling neare unto Newgate market, in a certaine morning to bee at the Rose Taverne (from whence he was seldome absent) and falling to his common drinke, as hee was ever accustomed, and having in his companie three other companions like to himselfe, it chanced the same time one Laurence Shiriffe Grocer, dwelling also not farre from thence, to come into the sayd Taverne, and finding there the sayd Farrer (to whom of long time hee had borne good will) sate downe in the seate to drinke with him; and Farrer having in his full cups, and not having consideration who were present, began to talke at large, and namely against the Lady Elizabeth, and said, That Jill hath bin one of the chiefe doers of this rebellion of Wiat, and before all be done, she and all the heretikes her partakers, shall well understand of it. Some of them hope that she

Laurence
Shiriffe
sworne
friend and
servant to
Lady Eliz.
his Mistresse

Robert Far-
rer ralleth
against Lady
Elizabeth.

shall have the crowne, but she and they (I trust) that so hope, shall hop headlesse, or be fried with fagots before she come to it.

The foresayd Laurence Shiriffe Grocer being then servant unto the Lady Elizabeth, and sworne unto her Grace, could no longer forbear his old acquaintance and neighbour Farrer in speaking so unreverently of his Mistresse, but sayd unto him; Farrer, I have loved thee as a neighbour, and have had a good opinion of thee, but hearing of thee that I now heare, I defie thee; and I tell thee I am her Graces sworne servant, and shee is a Princeesse, and the daughter of a Noble King, and it evill becommeth thee to call her a Jill, and for thy so saying, I say thou art a knave, and I will complaine upon thee. Doe thy worst sayd Farrer: for that I said, I will say againe, and so Shiriffe came from his company.

The part of
a good trusty
servant.

Shortly after the said Shiriffe, taking an honest neighbor with him, went before the Commissioners to complaine; the which Commissioners sate then at Boner the Bishop of Londons house beside Pauls, and there were present, Boner then being the chiefe Commissioner, the Lord Mordant, sir John Baker, D. Darbishire Chancellor to the Bishop, Doctor Storie, Doctor Harpsfield, and other.

Robert Farrer complain-
ed of to the
Commis-
sioners but
no redress
was had.

The aforesayd Shiriffe comming before them,

declared the manner of the said Rob. Farrers talk against the Lady Elizabeth. Boner answered, Peradventure you tooke him worse then hee meant.

Yea my Lord, said Doctor Storie, if you knew the man as I doe, you would say there is not a better Catholike, nor a honester man in the City of London.

Well, sayd Shiriffe, my Lord shee is my gracious Lady and Mistresse, and it is not to bee suffered that such a Varlet as hee is should call so honourable a Princesse by the name of a Jill: And I saw yesterday in the Court that my Lord Cardinall Poole, meeting her in the Chamber of Presence, kneeled downe on his knees and kissed her hand; and I saw also that King Philip meeting her, made her such obeysance, that his knee touched the ground; and then me thinketh it were too much to suffer such a Varlet as this is, to call her Jill, and to wish them to hop headlesse that shall wish her Grace to enjoy the possession of the crowne when God shall send it unto her, as in the right of her inheritance. Yea? stay there quoth Bonner. When God sendeth it unto her, let her enjoy it. But truly (said he) the man that spake the words that you have reported, meant nothing against the Lady Elizabeth your mistresse, and no more do we: but he like an

How B. Boner and D. Storie bare with him that railled against Lady Elizabeth.

honest and zealous man feared the alteration of religion, which every good man ought to feare: and therefore (said Boner) good man goe your waies home and report well of us toward your mistresse, and we will send for Farrer and rebuke him for his rash and undiscreeete words, and we trust he will not do the like again. And thus Shiriffe came away, and Farrer had a flap with a Foxe taile."—(*Foxe*, vol. 3, p. 951. *Ed.* 1641.)

Such is the man as he appears on a single morning of his life, to those who would faine have had more such traits preserved to them. Some post he doubtless had about the Princess's person, or we should not have found him in such great company, but not a very high one probably, nor very engrossing, or he would hardly have carried on his trade at the same time. Personally he must have had a keen feeling for his mistress, and no common kind of courage, before he would have voluntarily sought, upon such an errand, that terrible Commission.

However, times bettered. The Princess became Queen, and Lawrence a gentleman and

an esquire. The Herald's College granted him, in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, a crest and coat of arms. Closely examined, they are, if I mistake not, significant. Duly blazoned by the Heralds they are :

“Azure, on a fess engrailed, between three Griffins' Heads Erased or, a Fleur-de-lys of the First between two Roses gules.”

“Crest, a lion's paw erased, holding a branch of dates.”

The interpretation is as follows, if we may hazard a conjecture: the fleur-de-lys and the five-pointed rose indicate his service to the English crown and House of Tudor. The griffin is the fabled lion-eagle, guardian of hidden treasures; and in the days when the merchandise of Eastern spices was invested with such fears and perils as appear in the old travels and romances, a griffin's head torn up by the roots might well grace a gentleman-grocer's shield, as it graced the helmets of the Arimasian gold-seekers in ancient sculpture. That this is a probable account is borne out by the fact that three years later the

Grocers' Company had two griffins granted it for the supporters of its shield. The dates fast clutched in the paw of the lion point to similar tales of adventure.

It is matter of curiosity, that in 1562, in the immense inventory of New-year's gifts presented to the Queen, there occurs the entry—*Presented*, "By Lawrence Shref, Grocer, a suger loaf; a box of ginger; a box of nutmegs; and a pound of cynomon;" which were "delivered to the foresaid Gromes," and, among the presents made at the same time by her Highness, "To Lawrence Shreff, Grocer, oone guilt salt with a cover per oz. 7 oz."

And now, being in 1566 second Warden of the worshipful Company, with his house in London, and his "estate of Conduit Close in Middlesex," and his "parsonage of Browns-over, with all the right members and appurtenance of the same," and his "mansion house in Rugby," and "all and singular other his messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments," and with his wife "Dame Elizabeth," and his four maids, (two of them his nieces,

so high had he risen above his birth), and with his two flat-cap 'prentices, and his servant Roger, our country lad Lawrence, Queen Elizabeth's hot-blooded young Lawrence, was become a man of mark. And like a man of mark as he was, he rode upon "a gray ambling nag," and wore a gold ring, and about his neck a chain of gold, weighing twenty ounces. But was it to a boy's aspiration, cherished through manhood, to be the benefactor of his early home, that we owe our foundation, or to a desire that first took shape as he began to age somewhat, and was yet childless, to leave behind him a name better than of sons and of daughters, and "a good intent," as he says himself, "that might have continuance for ever"? Three months before his death in July, 1567, he tells us that he "had intended, by God's grace, in his life time to erect and build his building and school house, and to make or secure some good and substantial device" for its permanence. But, being then severely ill, "sick of body, but of good and perfect

remembrance, thanked be God therefore," he made his will, and committed the execution of his purpose to trustees.

The will, and the interesting document which he calls "his Intent,"—the "Good Intent of our religious Founder,"—are reprinted at the end of this chapter. Here it may be briefly said that in them he assigns the rent of his parsonage and farm at Brownsover, with



Brownsover Chapel.

all his property at Rugby, fifty pounds for building purposes, and an additional hundred

pounds to be laid out in land for the several purposes of building "with convenient speed a fair and convenient School House," and maintaining "an honest, discreet, and learned man, chosen and appointed to teach Grammar freely in the same School, and the same man (if it may conveniently be) to be ever a Master of Arts," and lastly, for the building and maintenance of four almshouses, in Rugby.

So was his will framed; but had it so remained, Rugby School had been to this day some such quaint, black-timbered, ivy-feeding, deep-porched little tenement, as stands beside the church yard in most of our midland villages, and is styled "The Grammar School;" where a rusty-coated, perplexed-visaged man teaches young ploughmen and carters and hucksters many good things, but certainly in no wise imparts to them "Grammar;" and where it may never "conveniently bee that the same man bee a Master of Arts;" while government grants distil upon the national school, but never a drop comes near his

roof, and he trembles daily when he handles the newspaper, lest he should find that some great Lord or Commoner has been eloquently proposing to absorb all such little charities as his, for the benefit of one grand educational scheme and its commissioners.

However from this fate Lawrence Sheriffe delivered us in the course of the next six weeks; for on the last day of August he added to his will a codicil, the effect of which upon the School was that though it went on subsisting for some time upon £18. 12s. a-year, yet in course of time it grew rich as its founder had done, and instead of its possible Master of Arts, has enthroned a long line of Doctors in Divinity, with many Masters of Arts assistant, and expanded into a quadrangle and cloisters and library and chapel, and as a sign of rejoicing has put forth battlements and turrets and buttresses and pinnacles, which, if at present not very beautiful, have yet served to remind an Arnold of his own Oxford. Such was the force of that ever memorable codicil of the 31st of August, 1567, for it revoked

from his sister Bridget and her daughters to the uses of the School the settlement made upon them in the will itself of one third of the Middlesex estate. That third was then worth £106. 13s. 4d., and its annual rents, even after his decease, amounted to eight pounds. In 1825 these same rents stood at above five thousand five hundred pounds. This is the change which has generated all the others; and, last and greatest change of all, has made Rugby draw its scholars not from itself alone to return them upon itself, but from the ends of England, and to dismiss them trained and disciplined and energetic workers to the ends of the earth.

The alteration in the will was made, it is traditionally said, after a visit to Rugby. If so, he must have partially recovered from his illness in July; but he was never thoroughly restored. He died on the 20th of October. Then, in his own simple words, "he commended his soul into the hands of Jesus Christ, his only Saviour and Redeemer, by the merits of Whose bitter Death and precious Blood-shed-

ding he had sure hope and stedfastly believed to be saved; and his body to the earth whereof it was first formed." Then, no doubt, according to his desire, his "funeral was done in the City of London, and thereat a learned man preached the Word of God, and all other things meet to be done" were done, and the Master, the Wardens, and the Company of the Grocers of London had their "Recreation" afterwards: and thenceforward till the fire of London, when they perished, Grocers' Hall was garnished with hangings, or their table with vessels bearing our familiar L.S. The London funeral over, he was brought down to the Parish Church of St. Andrew's Rugby, and there "buried near the bodies of his father and mother." Unhardened by prosperity, he would have all things done which were then esteemed due to his wealth; but his last home he would choose there and by their side with whom God had given him his first home.

Few as are these traits, one can scarcely read them without affectionate feelings towards this plain, homely, open-handed and simple-

mindful man. Would that such feelings, mingling with the gratitude that is but his due, had done a little more towards keeping a few lively memorials of him before our eyes : would that his favourite L.S. did appear upon a few wood-carvings and on the vane of some market cross, as in his will he desired ; and while other founders repose with folded hands and heavenward eyes under tabernacles of fairest foliage and watched by praying angels, hard by where the scholars and fellows of their foundation drink of "the Chalice of the Grapes of God," would that our Lawrence Sheriffe slept not darkling in some unsought-for grave, cumbered and hid by the unsightly erections of a careless generation.

E. W. B.

NOTES ON CHAPTER I.

NOTE 1.—p. 5, l. 24.

IN Doomesday Book it is called *Rocheberi* and *Rocheberie*, and in records from the eleventh to the fifteenth century invariably *Rokeby*; *Rugby* first in Leland's Itinerary in the reign of Henry VIII., but also *Rokeby* until much later (Nicolas's History of Rugby). On the Chalice and Paten given to the Church in 1633 it is spelt *Rookby*, and in the Parish Registers of that century *Rookby* or *Rugby* without distinction.

NOTE 2.—p. 6, l. 8.

Besides Trinity College, Cambridge, and Christ Church, Oxford, and the multitude of King Edward the Sixth's Grammar Schools, which were founded from the monastic revenues, Shrewsbury, Christ's Hospital, Westminster College, Merchant Taylor's, Rugby, and Harrow were all founded successively between 1551 and 1571.

NOTE 3.—p. 7, l. 2.

The old Font was rescued by M. H. Bloxam, Esq. from its service as Trough to the Eagle Pump. Nicolas's His-

tory contains a vignette of it in that position at p. 63, with the remark that at that time "a *neat marble Bason* supplied its place" in the Church.

NOTE 4.—p. 7, l. 5.

Rokeby was at first only a chapelry to Clifton, and the incident in the text was the subject of a special agreement in the reign of King John. (See *Nicolas*, p. 10.)

NOTE 5.—p. 7, l. 6.

Many Lawrences occur even in the Registers of the Seventeenth century.

NOTE 6.—p. 14, l. 1.

"The Herald's College would not at that time have given the title of Esquire to a mere tradesman, as in the following funeral certificate: 'Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke, of Bristow, died at her house in London, 29th April, and buried at Christchurch, 4th May, 1579. She married to her first husband, Lawrence Sheriffe, *Esquire*, and by him had no issue.'"—*Memorials of Rugby*, p. v. And similarly in the account of the Crest below.

NOTE 7.—p. 14, l. 1.

The following is furnished by the Herald's College.
"Lawrence Sheriffe of Rogbye in Co: Warr: gent: ratified

confirmed assigned and granted to him and his Posteryty for ever, vnder the hand and seales of my office and Armes An.^o 1559. the first of Queene Elizabeth. The Creast a lyon's Pawe Erased holding a branche of Dates: The fruites gold in their Codds argent: the Stalke and leaves verte: A Patten geuen bearing date the yeare abouesade by William Hervey als Clarenceulx Roy Darmes."

NOTE 8.—p. 14, l. 20.

The Gryphon thus figures in classical heraldry in one of the Townley Gallery Terracottas in the British Museum, but the mediæval griffin was a far more "awesome beast" than even the classical griffin, being in fact something wholly superior to a Dragon; as may be seen both by the following account of Sir John Mandeville's, and also by the accurate portrait of Mr. Ruskin's favourite Griffin in the third volume of the *Modern Painters*:

In that Contree [Bacharie] ben many Griffounes, more plentee than in any other Contree. Sum men seyn, that thei han the Body upward as an Egle, and benethe as a Lyoun: and truly thei seyn sothe, that thei ben of that schapp. But o Griffoun hathe the body more gret and is more strong thanne 8 Lyouns, of suche Lyouns as ben o this half; and more gret and strongere than 100 Egles, suche as we han amonges us. For o Griffoun there will bere, fleynge to his Nest, a gret hors, o 2 oxen yoked to gidere, as they gou at the Ploughe. For he hathe his

Talouns so longe and so large and grete upon his Feet, as though thei weren Hornes of grete Oxen or of Bugles or of Kyzn; so that men maken Cuppes of hem, to drynken of; and of hire Ribbes and of the Pennes of hire Wenges, men maken Bowes fulle stronge, to schote with Arwes and Quarelle.—*Sir John Maundeville's Voyage*, p. 269., ed. Halliwell.

NOTE 9.—p. 15, l. 6.

New year's gifts. Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, vol. i. pp. 118 & 127.

NOTE 10.—p. 15, l. 15.

Second Warden. Mr. Heath's privately printed account of the Company, 1854.

NOTE 11.—p. 17, l. 4.

THE WILL OF LAURENCE SHERIFFE.

"In the name of God, Amen. The twoo & twentie daye of Julye, Anno Dom'i 1567, I, Laurence Sheriffe, Citizen & Grocer of London, being sicke of body, but of good & p'fect remembrance, thanked bee God, therefore doe make & ordayne this my last Will & Testament in man'er & form following, that is to saye, First & principally, I co'mend my Soule into the hands of Jesus Christ my only Saviour & redeemer, by the merits of whose bitter death

& precious blood shedding I have sure hope, & stedfastly believe to be saved, & my body to the yerth wher'of itt was first formed, the w'ch I will shall be decently burried within the Parish Church of S^t Andrews, in Rugby, but the funeralle to bee first done in the Cittie of London, whereat I will have a learned man to preach the word of God, and all other things meete to bee done, & after that my body to be decently carried to Rugby, & their burried near the bodyes of my Father & Mother; and y^t there be after a fayre Stone laid uppon my Grave, with a title ther'on, declareing the day of my dec'e & so forth, as my Ex'ors & Overseers shall think good. Item, I give & bequeath to the P^{'sh} Church of S^t Andrewes, in the s^d Toune of Rugby, in the County of Warwicke, the Sum of five pounds, to be bestowed there in & uppon the makeing of certaine new Pewes or setes in the s^d Church, & that uppon the dooers or endes of the same Pewes or Seates the Grocers Arms of London shall be carved, w^b alsoe the Letters of **I.** & **S.** adjoyneing thereunto. Item, I will that on the day of my Buriall in Rugby afs^d, there be given and distributed to the poor people that shall repaire thither the Some of Tenne pounce, that is to say to every poore Man & Woman twelve pence, & to every poore Child two pence. Item, I will that aft^r my debts bee paid, and the charge of my Funeralle borne, that Elizabeth my well beloved Wife shall have for her reas'ble port' according to the custom of the Citty of London, one halfe of

the residue of all & singular my Goodes and Chattells whatso^r. Item, I give & bequeath, to bee bestowed as hereafter insuethe, in the s^d Towne & p^{sh} of Rugbie af^s^d, y^e Some of Five Pounds, wh^{ro}f I will that three pounde bee employed uppon the reparations of the markett Crosse there, & that there bee a wayne sette uppon the topp th^{ro}f, wherein shall be the Grocers Armes of London, & the said letters of **L.** & **S.** & the other forty shillings I will shall be bestowed in the amending of Over bridge & Rugbye Bridge, to either of them twenty shillings; all which said several Somes & legacies I will shall be paid unto my brother in Law, John Howkins, & to two other honest men of good consciences, inhabiting within the said Town of Rugby, to bee imployed & bestowed as is before expressed, presently uppon the rec^t of the s^d mon^y, or witⁱn two monenthes after at the furtherest. Item, I give & bequeath to Agnes Mabbe, my sister, late the Wife of John Mabbe, of Liecester, widdow, the Some of three pounde six shill^l^s eight pence, & to her two Sonnes my Cosins, to either of them forty shillings, to make each of them a ring, whereuppon there shall bee set a picture of death in a windeing Sheete, to be delivered them within one month after my dec^e. Item, I give unto Alice Howkins, now my Servant, & Dau^r of Bridgett Howkins my Sister, Twenty Pounde; and to Barbara Howkins, now my Servant alsoe, & dau^r of the s^d Bridgett Howkins my Sister, of Rugbye af^d, Tenne Pounde, to be paid to them at their

sev^l dayes of their Marriages, or within one monethe after att the furthest. Item, I give unto Helen & Sarah Howkins, the two other Dau^m of my s^d Sister Howkins, to ei^r of them three pounde six shill^m and eight pence a peece, to bee paid to them within one moneth next after my dec^e. Item, I give & bequeath tow^ds the relief of the Poore in Christs Hospitall, in the Citty of London, the Some of six pounde 8 & 4^d, to bee paid to them within one monethe at the furthest next after my dec^e. Item, I give & bequeath towa^ds the reliefe of the Poore in the Hospitall of S^t. Thom's, Southwarke, & S^t. Bartholomewes, in Smythfield, to ei^r of them three pound 6^s 4^d, to be likewise p^d unto them within one moneth after my dec^e att the furthest. Item, I give to the Maister Wardens & Company of the Grocers of London the Some of Thirteene Pounde 6 8, of w^{ch} Some I will that [six pounds] Thirteene fower pence be bestowed upon a recreation to the Company uppon the day of my burriall, & that the other £5. [6?] 13. 4. may be employed upon decent hangings, or else Pewter Vessell for the use of the house, whereupon I will that my marke shall bee sett or graven. Item, I give & bequeath unto the two Childⁿ of Margaret Hallam, of Leycester, the Wife of Hallam, to eyther of them tenne shillings. Item, I give & bequeath to Elizth Honnylove, my Servant, fortie shillinge. Item, I give & bequeath to W^m Stephenson, my prentice, forty shillinge & a blacke Gowne, & to Raffe Gyttons, my

prentice, a blacke Gowne, & to Mary, my maide, forty shillings & a blacke gowne, and to Roger Deall, my Serv't, a blacke Gowne and forty shillings to amend his wages withall. Item, whereas I, the s^d Laurence Sheriffe, stand bounde to pay to the releef of Gabriell Argall, Sonne of Master Thomas Argall, the Some of
 l'ful money of England, my will is that the s^d Sum of
 bee well & truly
 paid according to the forme & Effect of the s^d bond. And further, I will, give, & bequeath to the s^d Gabriell the Some of £20 of lawfull English money, to bee paid to him within the space of
 next after my dec'se. Item, I will that within convenient time after my dec'se, there shall be paid & delivered unto George Harrison, of London, Gent., & Barnard Field, of L'don, Grocer, my deare Friends, fifty pounce tow'ds the build'g of a Schoole house & Almeshouses in Rugbye af's^d, according to the tenor of a certayne writeing, beareing date the day of the date h'r'of, conteyneing myne intent in that behalf. And Whereas I, the s^d Laurence Sheriffe, by Indenture, bearing date the day of the date hereof, have bargained & sold to the said George Harrison & Barnard Ffield all & sing^r my lands, tenem^{ts}, & h'dits, in the Co' of Warwick, uppon such trusts & to such good p'soses as by the writgheing af's^d, conteyneing myne intent touching the Schoole house & Alms houses af's^d, doth appeare. Now for as much as I doe think that

the s^d Lands, Tenem'ts, & H'dits, soe barg^d & sold, will not be sufficient to the p'soses af's^d, I will, give, and bequeath to the s^d George Harrison & Barnard Ffield the Some of one hundred pounce of our l'ful English money, to p'chase therewith some other lands, as shall att the least bee of the clear yearly value of fortie five Shillings of l'ful money, the same land soe to be purchased to be used, conveyed, & assured to the p'soses & intents expressed in the s^d writing, conteyning myne intent as af's^d. Provided always, that if the s^d Elizth my Wife doe, within convenient time after my dec'e, release to the s^d G. Harrison & B. Ffield & theire heires, or to the surv'or of them & his heires, all her dourie and title of Dower of & in y^e Premises so as is af's^d barg'd & sold, & alsoe doe convey & assure, or cause to be conveyed & assured to the said George Harrison & B. Ffield, and their heires for ever, to the intent af's^d, Land, Teneme'ts, & he'dits, of the said cleere y'rly value of forty five Shillings; that thene the sa'd legacy of one hundred pounds shall be utterly voyd & of none effect, any thing herein contained to the contrary th'r'of in any wise notwithstanding. Item, I give & bequeath to the sa'd Elizth my Wife, my graye ambling Nagge, my chayne of gold weighing twenty ounces, and my gold ring with the picture of death uppon it, the wh'ch I had at the death of my loving friend Master Argall. And fur'e I doe ordayne & make the said Elizth my Wife the sole Ex'trix of this my last Will & Testame't, and doe

make my Bro'er in Law John Howkins one of the Overseeres of the same, & giveing to my said Bro'r for his paynes to bee taken h'rin, the Some of fforty pounde, for the which he shall not only help and aid my s^d wife as much as in him lyeth, but alsoe the sa'd G. Harrison & B. Ffield specially concern'g the Build'g of the Schoole, & other things by them to bee done at Rugby. Alsoe I do ordeyne & make my sa'd loving friend, B. Ffield, of London, Grocer, to be the other Overseere of this my last Will & Testame't, desir'g him and my said friend Master G. Harrison, that they will doe as much as in them doth lye, to see all the contents comp'd in the writi'g before spec'd conc'g the schoolle & other things at Rugby afo^d, to be p'formed accordi'g to my will & desire, even as I have now & always have had my special trust in them. The residue of all & sing' my debts, goods, & chattels, not o'rwise by this my last Will given nor bequeathed, I wholly give & bequeath to the said Elizth my Wife, in conc'ion that she shall release all her dower & title of dower as is af's^d. This is the last will and Testame't of me, Laurence Sheriffe, Citizen & Grocer, of London, touching & concerning all Messu'es, Lands, Teneme'ts, and heredit's, whr'of I shall be seized of any Estate of Inh'ance att the time of my dec'e, in poss'ion, rever'on, or rem'r; first, Whereas, I have bargayned & sold to the said G. Harrison & B. Ffield all & singular my Messu'es, Lands, Teneme'ts, & heredit's in the said County of Warwick, I doe, by this my last

Will & Testame't, will, give, and bequeath the same to the said G. Harrison & B. Ffield, & their heires for ever, to the use of them & their heirs, uppon such trust notwithstanding as in the sa'd writeinge is declared. Item, I will that the sa'd Elizabeth my Wife shall have for the terme of her nat'l life, all and sing'r other my land, Teneme'ts, & heredit's, being freehold, sett & being in the County of Midd'x, or elsewhere within the Realme of England; and aft^r her dec'e, I will & bequeath one full third part the'of, the whole being divided into three parts, unto the said Bridgett Howkins my Sister, for the term of her life; & after her dec'e, I will the s^d third part remain to the said Hellen, Sarah, Barbara, & Alice, Dau'rs of the s^d Bridgett Howkins, & to the h'rs of their bodyes l'fully begotten; & if it fortune all & every of the said Hellen, Sarah, Barbara, and Alice, to dye without Issue of their & every of their b'dies l'fully begotten, then I will the saide third part be & remayne to the right h'rs of the said B. Howkins for ever. Item, I will & bequeath to Anthony Howkins, Son of the s^d Bridgett, & to the h'rs of his body l'fully begotten, one other third part of the s^d lands, Teneme'ts, & heredit's, & for default of such Issue, I will the said third part to remayne to Thomas Howkins, Bro^r of the said Anthony Howkins, & to the heirs of his body l'fully begotten; and for defa't of such Issue, I will the said third part to remayne to the s^d Hellen, Sarah, Barbara, & Alice, his Sisters, and to y^e h'rs of their Bodies l'fully

begotten; & if itt fortune all & every of the said Hellen, Sarah, Barbara, & Alice, to die without Issue of their & every of their bodies l'fully begotten, then I will the rem'r thr'of to the right h'rs of the s^d Bridgett Howkins for ever. In witness whr'of I, the s^d Laurence Sheriffe, have hereunto set my hand & Seale the day and yeare first above written, in the p'sence of those whose names be under written. (By me,) Laurence Sheriffe, Grocer. (By me,) George Harrison. (By me,) Anthony Gregory. (By me,) William Hughes. (By me,) Barnard Field. (By me,) Robert Payne."

"**This Codicil** or writing, dated in Rugbye, in the County of Warwick, the last day of Aug^t Anno D^o a Thousand five hundred three score and seaven, with all things th'rin conteyned, is to be added unto the last will & Testam't of me, Laurence Sheriffe, Citizen & Grocer, of London, wh'rby alone I doe revoke divers legacies cont^d in the s^d Will, dated at London, the twoo & twentieth daye of Julye, in the s^d yeare, as followeth. First, whereas in the s^d last Will & Testam't, I, the s^d L. Sheriffe, did give & bequeathe to G. Harrison, of London, Gent., & unto B. Ffield, Grocer, of London, the some of one hundredth pounde, to such intent as by the said Will is declared; & alsoe did give & bequeath unto my Sister Bridgett Howkins, of Rugbye, after the dec'se of Eliz'th my wife, one whole third part of all those my freehold lands & Teneme'ts, in the Com'

of Midd'x, to her for term of her life only, & after to her fower Dau'rs Hellen, Sarah, Barbara, & Alice, as by the s^d Will more at large doth appear, the s^d several legacies of the said hundredth pounds & the s^d one whole third part of the s^d lands I doe, by these p'sents, utterly revooke & meake frustrate, & by these p'sents I doe, will, give, & bequeath all the s^d one whole third part of the s^d lands & Tenem'ts unto the s^d George & Bernard, to the use of the said George & Barnard, & to their h'rs, Ex'ors, & Assignes for ever, uppon such trust & confidence, and to the intent as I have done my Parsonage of Brounsover & my house in Rugby af's^d, and not o'wise in any wise. Item, I give and bequeath unto the s^d Bridget my Sister a black Gowne & £3. 6. 8. in money. Item, wh'ras alsoe I have, in the former part of my said Will, given & bequeathed to John Howkins, of Rugby, the some of ffortie pounde, I do revoke th'rof £13. 6. 8., & so his legacy to be butt £26 13 4 & a blacke coat. Item, I give to the said G. Harrison & to his wife, and to either of them, a ring of fyne gold; and to M^r Gregory, the wife of Anthony Gregory, one ring of fyne gold. Laurence Sheriffe, Grocer. By me, Barnard Ffield; By me, John Howkins; By me, Anthony Howkins; By me, Ralph Gytzens,"

"Proved at London, 31st Oct' 1568, before the Judge,
by the Oaths of George Harrison & Elizabeth
Laurence the wife. the 'Ex'ors."

THE INTENT OF LAURENCE SHERIFFE.

“To all Christian people to whom this pr’sent writinge shall come to bee seene or read, Lawrance Sheriffe, Citizen and Grocer of London, George Harrison, of London, Gent., & Bernard Ffeild, Citizen and Grocer of London, send Greeteinge, in Our Lord God Everlasting. Where’ the said Lawrance Sheriffe, by Ind’re beareinge date the day of the date hereof, for the considerac’on therein mentioned, hath Bargained and Sold to the said George and Bernard, and their heires for ever, All that his p’sonage of Brownesover, in the County of Warwicke, with all the right members and appurten’ce of the same, and all and singular other the messu’s, Landes, Tenem^{ts}, and hereditam^{ts}, of the said Lawrence, sett, lyinge, or beinge in Rugby, in the said County of Warw., and in Brownesover aforesaid, or in either of them, or elsewhere in the said County of Warw., as by the saide Indenture more playnlye and att large it doth and may appeare. The confidence, Trust, and intent of the said Lawrence Sheriffe neverthelesse is, and att the makeinge of the said Indenture was, that the said George and Bernard, and their heirs, should have, use, and ymploy, convey, and assure the same to such uses, and in such manner and forme as is hereafter declared, and to none other use, intent, and purpose. That is to say, the said George and Bernard, or the survivor of them, or their heires or assignes, should, with convenient speede after the decease of the said Lawrence

Sheriffe, with the p'fite of the p'mises and with such other s'mes of Money as the said Lawrence Sheriffe should therefore give or appoynt by his last will and testament, cause to be builded neare to the Messuage or Mansion house of the said Lawrence in Rugby aforesaid, a fayre and convenyent Schoole howse, in such sort as to their discret'ons, shal bee thought meete and convenyent. And should also provide or build neare to the said Schoole house, foure meete and distincte lodgeings for foure poore Men, to bee and abyde in accordinge to their good discret'ons, and should alsoe well and sufficiently prepayre [*? repayre*] the said Messuage or Mansyon howse. Which things being effectually done, the will and the intent of the said Lawrence Sheriffe was and is, that the said George and Barnard, or their heires or assignes, or some of them, should cause an honest, discrete, and Learned Man, being a Master of Arts, to bee Reteyned to teach a free Grammar Schoole in the said Schoole howse. And further, that after that, for ever, there should be a free Grammar Schoole kept within the said Schoole house, to serve cheify for the children of Rugby & Brownesover aforesaid, and next for such as bee of other places thereunto adjoyneing. And that for ever an honest, discrete, learned man should be chosen and appointed, to teach Grammar freely in the same Schoole; and the same Man, yf it may conveniently bee, to bee ever a M' of Art. And further, the will and intent of the said Lawrence was and is, the same Schoole

shall bee for ever called the ffree Schoole of Laurence Sheriffe, of London, Grocer. And that the Schoolem^r thereof for the tyme beinge, for ever, shal be termed or called the Schoolemaster of Lawrence Sheriffe, of London, Grocer. And that the Schoolmaster and his successors for ever shal have the said Mansyon house, with the appurten^{ce}, to dwell in, without any thing to be paid therefore. And further, that the said Schoolm^r of the said Schoole for ever should have yearly for his Sallary or Wages the Some of Twelve poundes. And over this, the will and intent of the said Lawrence was and is, that for ever, in the said foure lodgeings, foure poore Men should freely have their lodgeinge, and should also each of them have towards their Reliefe, Seaven pence by the week, to be weekly paid at Rugby aforesaid; and that of the said foure poore Men, twoe should ever bee such as had beene Inhabitants of Rugby aforesaid, and none other; and the other twoe such as had beene Inhabitants of Brownsoever aforesaid, and none other. And alsoe that the said foure poore Men should bee for ever called the Almsmen of Laurence Sheriffe, of London, Grocer. And further, the will and intent of the said Laurence was and is, that the Mansyon howse, Schoole howse, and other lodgeinge, should be sufficiently repayred & mayntayned for ever. All which the p^rmisses the said L. S. willed & intended to bee borne, paid, and p^rformed of the Rente and p^rfitte of the p^rmisses, so as is aforesaid bargayned and solde. And over this,

his will and desire was and ys, that John Howkins, of Rugby aforesaid, and Bridgett his wife, sister of the said Laurence, during their lives should bee the farmers of the said parsonage and other the p'misses in Brounesover aforesaid, for the yearly rent of sixteene pounds, thirteene shilling, four pence, to bee by them therefore paide, soe that the said John and Bridgett doe well and substantially, during their lives, repayre the Buildings thereof, and well and truly pay the said rent; and that after their deceasse, before any other, some such p'son as shall bee of the body of the said John Howkins and Bridgett his wife lawfully begotten or issuinge, and shall inhabitt in Rugby or Brownesover af's^d, should be farmer of the said Parsonage for the said yearly Rent of sixteen pounds, thirteen shilling, & four pence, yf such bee that will truly pay the said rent without deley, and well and sufficiently repayre the buildinge of the p'misses in Brownesover af's^d. And whereas the said Lawrence Sheriff intended, by God's Grace, in his life tyme to erect and build the Buildinge and Schoole howse af's^d, and to make or secure some good and substantial devysse, whereby his goode intent aforesaid may have continuance for ever, yf it please God to grant him life to p'forme the same, yet nevertheless the desyre, confydence, and trust of the said Laurance Sheriffe is, that in default thereof the said George Harrison and Barnard Field will, of the Rent, Revennews, and somes of money aforesaid, in all respect substantially, truly, and effectually accomplish the

same, in such wayes as by the lawes of this Realme may most assuredly bee devysed, and convey and assure the lands, tenements, hereditam', and other the p'misses, to that only intent and purpose. In witness whereof the said Lawrance Sheriffe, George Harrison and Bernard Field, have thereunto set theire Seales, the xxvth day of July, in the tenth Yeare of the Reigne of our most excellent Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth, Anno D'ni 1567.

“ The true Copy of the intent of Lawrance Sheriffe, concerning the Parsonage of Brownesover, which intent was sealed, subscribed, and delivered by Lawrance Sheriffe, George Harrison, and Barnard Field, as by the same intent appeareth. Copied the 20th of December, 1580. E. Harrison.”

CHAPTER II.

TO-DAY.

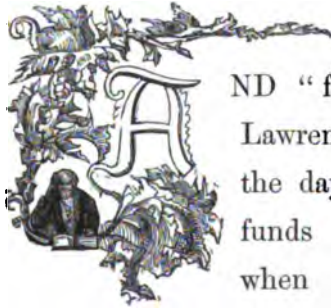
"IT BOOTS NOT TO LOOK BACKWARDS: FORWARDS,
FORWARDS, FORWARDS MUST BE OUR MOTTO."—

DR. ARNOLD'S LETTERS.



School House from the Hillmorton Road.

"It boots not to look backwards: Forwards, forwards, forwards must be
our motto.—DR. ARNOLD'S LETTERS.



ND "forwards, forwards" went
Lawrence Sheriffe's school from
the day of its foundation; its
funds for awhile scant, and,
when they began to increase,
for awhile withheld by fraud; but after little
more than a century had gone over it, it was
already become a name and a power in Eng-
lish education. And "forwards" still it went;

sometimes riding well before the popular gale, — othertimes sadly buffeted by it, but ever “answering the good intent of our religious founder,” and rearing many a “profitable member of the church and commonwealth,” as our School Collect has it, until one came to rule it who from that place sent a new vital power thrilling through every school in England.

His views, his system, and his Rugby life it is not at all our province to describe; they must be read in that book which to many of this generation has been as Evangelist to Christian, and first pointed them the way to the wicket-gate, and to the sunrise — “The Life of Arnold.” But since no English writer had ever a keener eye or more felicitous pen than this same Arnold, it will be full of interest to string together however unconnectedly a few morsels from his letters relating to the school and neighbourhood. This accordingly we will try to do, and to connect with them those local memories of him which now render the place itself the more interesting for his sake.

And first for the country itself; his grot-

esque complaints against it are well known;—how he could find here, in his longing for great and impressive features of landscape, “no anti-attribution,” and how he intensified this feeling by reflecting that “there was nothing fine, nothing but flatness, from his dining room window to the Ural Mountains.” Others have found in the land of Shakspeare and of Shakspeare’s favourite images, something to delight; and have thought that “in the simple freshness and fruitfulness of level land, in its pale upright trees, and gentle lapse of silent streams, there was enough for the satisfaction of the human mind in general.” But he, in his short rapid walks snatched from teaching and writing, craved sadly after woods and crags and mountain ridges; he wanted “attrition.” To many, however, whose lot is to be cast there now and in time to come, it will touch with additional interest those quiet pastures and grassy-bordered highroads, to picture his strong form moving along book in hand to bathe in “Aganippe,” or with his happy knot of children ordering the planting of the furze upon

the railway bank which crossed his walk, or with his own hand planting his six trees in the close, or the willow from his birthplace in the garden, or spearing, or swinging, or else



Dr. Arnold's Swing.

striding fast along at the head of his wife's white pony in earnest talk, and really after all enjoying the country, as he must have enjoyed it who could write thus about it:—

“My wife, thank God, is very well, and goes out on the pony regularly, as usual. We went to day as far

as the turnpike on the Dunchurch Road, then round by Deadman's Corner to Bilton, and so home. Hoskyns, who is Sandford's Curate, at Dunchurch, walked with us as far as the turnpike. The day was bright and beautiful, with gleams of sun, but no frost. You can conceive the buds swelling on the wild roses and hawthorns, and the pussy catkins of the willows are very soft and mouselike ; their yellow anthers have not yet shown themselves. The felling of trees goes on largely, as usual, and many an old wild and tangled hedge, with its mossy banks, presents at this moment a scraped black bank below, and a cut and stiff fence of stakes above ; one of the minor griefs which have beset my Rugby walks for the last twelve years at this season of the year."

or thus—

"On Tuesday last we were at our dear Rugby home ; seeing the long line of our battlements and our well-known towers backed by the huge elms of the school-field, which far overtopped them ; and looking on the deep shade which those same elms, with their advanced guard of smaller trees and shrubs, were throwing over the turf of our quiet garden."

"I cannot tell you how I enjoyed our fortnight at Rugby before the school opened. It quite reminded me of Oxford, when M—— and I used to sit out in the garden under the enormous elms of the School-field, which almost

overhang the house, and saw the line of our battlemented roofs and the pinnacles and cross of our Chapel cutting



The Cross on the Chapel.

the unclouded sky. And I had divers happy little matches at cricket with my own boys in the school-field,—on the very cricket ground of the “eleven,” that is, of the best players in the school, on which, when the school is assembled, no profane person may encroach.”

The three next passages nearly concern us, for they are the expression of a great man’s enjoyment of our own identical circumstances, school circumstances, Rugby circumstances. How bright in them is the clear glow of “an honest and good heart,” how perfectly free from all the dim feverish inner frettings, and all

the low-thoughtedness of common men, when "under a sense of public evils overwhelmingly bitter" he writes

"I spear daily, as the Lydians used to play in the famine, that I may at least steal some portion of the day from thought. My family, the school, and, thank God, the town also, are all full of restful and delightful thoughts and images. All there is but the scene of wholesome and happy labour, and as much to refresh the inward man, with as little to disturb him as this earth, since Paradise, could, I believe, ever present to any one individual."

and again—

"And now we are all at work again, the school very full, very healthy, and I think in a most beautiful temper; the sixth form working *μάλιστα κατ' εὐχὴν*, and all things at present promising. I am quite well, and enjoying my work exceedingly. May I only remember that, after all, the true work is to have a daily living faith in Him whom God sent."

and later still—

"For myself, if I were left to my natural taste merely, I believe I should do little but read and write and enjoy the society of my own family and dearest friends; but I believe also, most sincerely, that it is far better for me to be engaged in practical life, and therefore I am thankful for the external necessity which obliges me

to go on at Rugby. In fact, the mixture of school work and of my own reading furnishes a useful, and I feel, too, a pleasant variety ; and I cannot perceive that it is any strain upon my constitution, while I sleep like an infant, and daily have either a bathe or a walk in the country, where I think neither of school nor of History."

A glorious example this of the happiness to be found in "The daily round, the common task," and nowhere else to be found half so truly.

And now let us look at the picture of him (and not without gratefulness to him who painted it for us so well) in the library tower.



The Old Library.

"The glance, with which he looked round in the few moments of silence before the lesson began, and which

seemed to speak his sense of his own position and of theirs also, as the heads of a great school; the attitude in which he stood turning over the pages of Facciolati's Lexicon, or Pole's Synopsis, with his eye fixed upon the boy who was pausing to give an answer; the well known changes of his voice and manner, so faithfully representing the feeling within. They will recollect the pleased look and the cheerful 'Thank you,' which followed upon a successful answer or translation; the fall of his countenance with its deepening severity, the stern elevation of his eyebrows, the sudden 'Sit down' which followed upon the reverse; the courtesy and almost deference to the boys, as to his equals in society, so long as there was nothing to disturb the friendliness of their relation; the startling earnestness with which he would check in a moment the slightest approach to levity or impertinence; the confidence with which he addressed them in his half-yearly exhortations; the expressions of delight with which, when they had been doing well, he would say that it was a constant pleasure to him to come into the library."

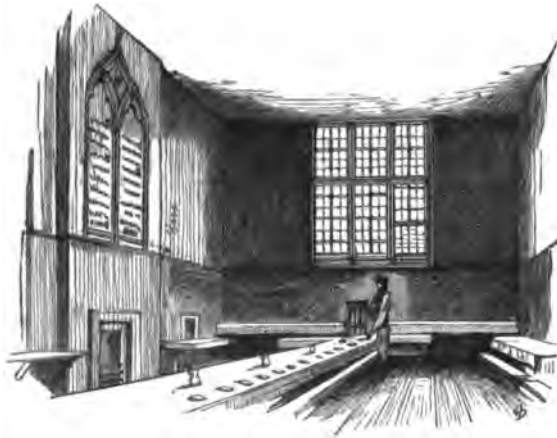
and here too is a sketch by his own hand—

"I am writing in the library at Fourth lesson, on a Wednesday, sitting in that undignified kitchen chair, which you so well remember, at that little table, a just proportional to the tables of the Sixth themselves, at which you have so often seen me writing in years past. And as the

light is scarcely bright enough to show the increased number of my grey hairs, you might, if you looked in upon us, fancy, that time had ceased to run, and that we are the identical thirty-one or more persons who sat in the same place, at the same hour, and engaged in the very same work when you were one of them."

Again—

"One of the scenes that most lives in the memory of his school-house pupils is their night muster in the rudely lighted hall—his tall figure at the head of the files of



School Hall.

boys ranged on each side of the long tables, whilst the prayers were read by one of the Præpostors, and a portion of Scripture by himself. This last was a practice, which

he introduced soon after his arrival, when, on one of these occasions, he spoke strongly to the boys on the necessity of each reading some part of the Bible every day, and then added, that as he feared that many would not make the rule for themselves, he should for the future always read a passage every evening at this time. He usually brought in his Greek Testament, and read about half a chapter in English, most frequently from the close of St. John's Gospel; when from the Old Testament, especially his favourite Psalms, the 19th for example, and the 107th, and the others relating to the beauty of the natural world. He never made any comment; but his manner of reading impressed the boys considerably, and it was observed by some of them, shortly after the practice was commenced, that they had never understood the Psalms before. On Sunday nights he read a prayer of his own, and before he began to preach regularly in the chapel, delivered the short addresses which have been before mentioned, and which he resumed, in addition to his other work on Sundays, during the last year and a half of his life."

And again before we pass from his image as it once was seen day by day passing from school to school among the throng of boys, let us read this noble sum of his daily thoughts concerning those on whom his eye rested, and upon his keen words about the evil, and his

joy in the good, which alike are possible among us, let us whet our own earnestness about ourselves.

“A great school never can present images of rest and peace; and when the spring and activity of youth is altogether unsanctified by any thing pure and elevated in its desires, it becomes a spectacle that is as dizzying and almost more morally distressing than the shouts and gambols of a set of lunatics. It is very startling to see so much of sin combined with so little of sorrow. In a parish, amongst the poor, whatever of sin exists, there is sure also to be enough of suffering; poverty, sickness, and old age are mighty tamers and chastisers. But, with boys of the richer classes, one sees nothing but plenty, health and youth; and these are really awful to behold, when one must feel that they are unblessed. On the other hand, few things are more beautiful, than when one does see all holy and noble thoughts and principles, not the forced growth of pain or infirmity or privation; but springing up as by God's immediate planting in a sort of garden of all that is fresh and beautiful; full of so much hope for this world as well as for Heaven.”

But we should bear in mind that while no man ever more truly *lived* Christianity in common life, and in matters not necessarily re-

ligious, the scene in which he will be most familiar to posterity will be the Chapel where he so earnestly *spoke* it; where he revealed the centre and fountain of that life of teeming thought and unresting action.

There it was that he set forth the solution of that great problem of how schools are to be truly and systematically Christian; how education is to be "not based upon religion, but religious;" and limned the bright outlines of the true man "speaking what is true, doing what is right, independently of the conventionalities of profession and position," and, while full of manliness and intellectual activity, judging of all history, deeply searching the time present, trying all things, by the rules of the faith and Spirit of Christ.

"There was seen the complete image of his union of dignity and simplicity, of manliness and devotion, as he performed the Chapel Service, especially when at the Communion Table he would read, or rather repeat almost by heart, the Gospel and Epistle of the Day."

There was his countenance seen "lit up at his favourite verse, 'When thou hadst over-

come the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.' " There, too, was seen "that Easter-exultation " which all remarked.

There he first assembled communicants out of other forms than the Sixth. There, "especially to the very young boys who sometimes partook of the Communion, he bent himself down with looks of fatherly tenderness, and glistening eyes, and trembling voice, in the administration of the elements." *

In smaller matters, also, the Chapel still bears witness of him. He it was who began to fill the windows with stained glass; "he delighted to regard the Wise Men's offering in the east window as strikingly appropriate to a place of education," in which Age and Middle Life

* "Yes, and its tremble was the more striking," as I have been told by one who often listened to it in boyhood wondering "because you felt it was such a strong man's tremble." And the same friend adds, how "the voice that seemed to rise from his heart of hearts, as he knelt down and partook of the Communion first himself, seemed to attune all around to his own deep tone."

and Early Manhood, marked in the three Kings, present their gifts to the Child Jesus. The confession of Saint Thomas, which seems to have been to him the most affecting of all scenes in the Gospel, he chose as another subject but a short time before his death. There too are his own monumental inscriptions over some of his loved pupils who died here.

The services of All Saints' Day and Holy Thursday were begun by him. The Chanting of the Nicene Creed was introduced by him. The practice of holding Confirmations in the Chapel is due to him, and even the bringing up of the pupils in divisions by the masters of their houses upon that occasion; and the Confirmation Hymn "became so endeared to his recollections that, when travelling abroad late at night, he would have it repeated or sung to him."

Again, that "silent and orderly arrangement" for leaving the Chapel after service, which no one can see for the first time without being greatly struck, was substituted by

him for a long-standing but irreverential practice, and should recal him to us as he sate "with fixed countenance and earnest attention" regarding them,—doubtless full of those thoughts about them which live for ever in his sermons.

"Even the outward forms of the Chapel, from the very Cross at the top of the building,—the symbol of their Christian education—to the vaults which he caused to be opened underneath, must always be associated with his name."

These are slight relics, slight traits, many of them; yet are they the light floating leaves which mark the moving of the water, and therefore they are dear to those who revere his memory, or who desire to fill up for themselves his picture, having never seen him. It were wrong so to dwell on them, as to lose sight of what was greater in him; but in this place, where these things yet remain, memorials still tangible, it were wrong not to cherish them. There are always enough and too many of those "foolish and tame associations," which clog and cumber great persons and great places; we should be thankful that by him

we have enough of a far other sort to extinguish all such for ever.

“ It was one of his most cherished wishes to be able to leave to the school some permanent rank or dignity, which should in some measure compensate for its total barrenness of historical associations ;” with this view he wished to procure, what was afterwards so liberally accorded, the Queen’s Medal. But truly he has himself justified his own desire, in the way of which his great humility would least be conscious ; for we must feel, if we have hearts and souls, that the shadow of royalty which falls on Eton, and the breath of ancient centuries which clings round Winchester, can never be truer monitors to take the good side, whether now in the trials of school-life, or in the great world hereafter, than the possession of these lively memorials of Thomas Arnold.

There remains yet another group of memorials of him, those which grew up in the Chapel after that bewildered day when the strange and scarcely credible news of his death

was whispered first through the school, and thence, with not less of surprise and awe, whispered through England.

He rests where the busy feet of the priests move to and fro to give to the successors of those to whom he so often gave it with such emotion, the Holy Supper. A small gray stone marks the spot. His monument with his recumbent figure bears the following inscription, written by his great friend Chevalier Bunsen :

VIR. REV

THOMAS ARNOLD S.T.P

HISTORIÆ. RECENT. ÆVI. TRADENDÆ. APVD. OXONIEN. PRO. REG
HVIVS. SCHOLÆ. PER. ANNOS. XIV. ANTISTES. STRENVVS. VNICE. DILECTVS

THVCYDIDEM. ILLVSTRAVIT. HISTORIAM. ROMANAM. SCRIPSIT

POPVL. CHRISTIANI

LIBERTATEM. DIGNITATEM. VINDICAVIT. FIDEM. CONFIRMAVIT SCRIPTIS. VITA

CHRISTVM. PRÆDICAVIT. APVD. VOS

IVVENVM. ANIMOS. MONVMENTVM. SIBI. DELIGENS

TANTI. VIRI. EFFIGIES. VOBIS. HIC. EST. PROPOSITA

CORPVS. SVB. ALTARI. CONQVIESCIT

ANIMA. IN. SVAM. SEDEM. PATRE. VOCANTE. IMMIGRAVIT

FORTIS. PIA. LETA

NAT. A.D. XIII. IVN. MDCCVC. MORT. A.D. XII. IVN. MDCCCXLI

AMICI. POSVERVNT

The window representing the confession of St. Thomas, ordered by himself to be placed in the Chapel, and so placed after his death, is a still better monument. For all who are familiar with his life and sermons know how perpetually he recurred to that subject, and how close he thought its application to himself, so that, when in the first sharp anguish of his two hours' illness he desired to fix his own faith most firmly, he repeated the words which form the legend of this window, "Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

Lastly the plain old table and chair which he used in the Sixth Form room (alluded to above in extracts from his letters) were placed by Dr. Tait in the chapel-vestry. The following inscriptions have been lately placed upon them :

HÆC . TABULA .
 THOMÆ . ARNOLDI .
 LIBROS . CHARTAS . MANVS .
 INTER . DISCIPVLOS . DISSERENTIS . SCRIBENTIS . ORANTIS .
 ANNOS . XIV . SVSTINEBAT .

and—

IN · HAC · SELLA ·
 ARNOLDVS ·
 LITTERAS · DOCEBAT ·
 SACRAS · SCRIPTVRAS · APERIEBAT ·
 AD · VIRTVTIS · VERITATISQVE · AMOREM ·
 DOMINI · IESV · CHRISTI · IMITATIONEM ·
 VOCE · FRONTE · MORIBVS ·
 SVOS · EXCITABAT ·

E. W. B.



School House Porch.

P R A Y E R

USED EVERY MORNING BEFORE WORK IN THE SIXTH FORM,
WRITTEN BY DR. ARNOLD FOR THAT PURPOSE.

O LORD, Who by Thy holy Apostle, hast taught us to do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus and to Thy glory, give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to this our daily work, that we may do it in faith, and heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men. All our powers of body and mind are Thine, and we would fain devote them to Thy service. Sanctify them and the work in which they are engaged; let us not be slothful, but fervent in spirit, and do Thou, O Lord, so bless our efforts that they may bring forth in us the fruits of true wisdom. Strengthen the faculties of our minds and dispose us to exert them, but let us always remember to exert them for Thy glory, and for the furtherance of Thy kingdom, and save us from all pride, and vanity, and reliance upon our own power or wisdom. Teach us to seek after truth and enable us to gain it; but grant that we may ever speak the truth in love:—that, while we know earthly things, we may know Thee, and be known by Thee, through and in Thy Son Jesus Christ. Give us this day Thy Holy Spirit, that we may be Thine in body and spirit, in all our work and all our refreshments, through Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

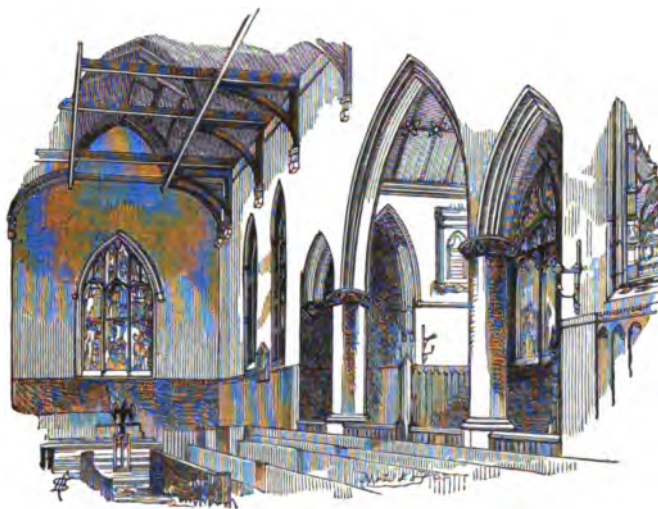
CHAPTER III.

THE CHAPEL.

HIC TUI TEMPLI REFULGET
SANCTIOR MEMORIA
JURE RESTAURATIONIS,
LUCIDO FUNDAMINE,
QUUM DECORIS POLLET ACTI
DIGNITATIS SIDERE.

JAM TEMPLUM TUI HONORIS
EFFICE NOS SERVULOS :
NON CARO, NON CORDA NOSTRA
MILITENT DISCRIMINI :
SED TUO SACRO DICATI
SERVIAMUS NOMINI.—

HYMN SEC. viii.—IN RESTAURATIONE BASILICÆ.



The Chapel seen from the West End.



HAT peculiar short-lived style of Architecture which may be called "The Georgian Gothic" had a fine opportunity for displaying itself when Rugby Chapel was built. To erect a building thirty yards long by ten wide and ten high, the amazing sum of £8000 was

appropriated by Act of Parliament in the year 1814. The work was indeed most solid and substantial, but such expense can only be accounted for on the ground of the great wages then supposed due to workmen skilled in such high art as cutting cusps, and moulding mullions.

The building occupied about a year, and was completed in 1821, and consecrated in the summer by Bishop Legge, in the name of St. Lawrence the old patron of Rugby and of the Founder. It bore a general resemblance to the chapels of the fifteenth century, inasmuch as it had pointed windows, and Tudor doorways, buttresses and pinnacles, gables, crosses and crockets, a screen and open seats. But we cannot advance much beyond this in our description without a smile. In the first enthusiasm for Walter Scott and Melrose and Britton's Cathedrals, the object of all church-builders was to depart as far as possible from St. Paul's and pediments and blind walls — a buttress was the thing. Therefore the little chapel already

as solid as a rock, with its double walls and deep foundations, was fortified with twelve elephantine buttresses of about five feet deep and two feet thick.

A general impression prevailed however that "the Gothick Style," though religious and correct, was not comfortable: of course there must be gables outside, but to gables inside and open timbers people were scarcely reconciled. So Rugby Chapel had a flat ceiling of plaster tastefully mapped with thin beams into three large squares, and the squares again each into four triangles, and from each intersection depended wonderful wooden knobs, courteously called bosses.

By means of the flat roof the whole interior was adapted to what we have heard described as "the beautiful proportions of three cubes,"—a source of beauty a little difficult perhaps to appreciate. At the same time it was not too airy.

The Act of 1814 had empowered the Trustees to erect a chapel "fitted up with *pews, galleries, and other conveniences,*" but

happily before it was erected, both "pews and galleries" had somewhat gone out of fashion. Nevertheless there was one of the latter at the west end; and two of the former at the east,—vast hollow cubes to contain ladies, which flanked the altar on either side, and left scant room for the service.

For the windows, the eastern and western, it was supposed, ought in appearance to match each other in all particulars,—(a very difficult superstition to shake off even now-a-days, this about "matching"); but the western was not to be used to admit light; the organ was set against it. The tracery was so squeezed up against the arches that it might be fitlier said to occupy the forehead than the head of the windows. Then it was believed in the Georgian era of "Gothick" that the grotesques which decorated the outsides of old churches, instead of flowing from the exuberance of masonic fancy, and from that love for the unhurtful-horrible, so to speak, which lies so deep in human nature, proceeded from

a clerical purpose to exhibit the torments reserved for all who should be found without the church. This idea (mistaken as the interpretation was) it was thought well to perpetuate ; only it seemed to have been too grossly rendered of old. They sought a milder style of representation, and hence the staring melancholy corbel-heads some of which yet remain.

These details read somewhat strangely now that pointed architecture is so much better understood. Yet is all honour due, notwithstanding, to the names of those architects who thirty and forty years ago built the churches which now seem so poor and unskilful. For the traditions of the style had been wholly lost, and the science had to be fresh created. It is surprising how much they accomplished ; accomplished first in the actual application of principles so long unknown, and much more in the conviction which they wrought, which since their day has borne such great fruits, that our climate, our ancient history, our nationality, and our religion find fitter and

worthier self-expression in the types of our ancestral buildings and in styles still, as we trust, to be thence developed some future day, than they ever did in Renaissance Banqueting halls, or in Greek and Roman Temples.

The virtue was gone forth; and it wrought and spread so fast, that its earliest efforts were soon despised. Twenty years only after the building of the Chapel, Dr. Arnold writes about "his old enemy the flat roof" and his desire "to get rid of it," and of "Frank Penrose's plan" for accomplishing the object; and setting to work with wonderful vigour, and with a now impossible success, he himself and the masters, and other friends of the school, procured from abroad four *ancient* windows of stained glass, and "did not despair of filling the three which remained" of the then seven windows. The "St. Thomas window" was added, as described above, soon after his death; and four large windows, including the shortly-expected Crimean window, by more recent efforts.

Simultaneously with this great improvement,

it was impossible that others should not be called for. In 1845 Mr. Grenfell died, and in 1846, Mr. Charles Mayor. Their friends built a kind of side chapel, or transept, to



The Transept.

their memory : into this shortly afterwards Dr. Arnold's monument was removed ; since then it has received inscriptions in memory of other boys and masters of the school, and has been adorned with a stained window and a painted roof. In 1851 additional room

was required, and a second chapel was built upon the south which possesses much beauty. In 1852 "the old enemy" was dislodged, and replaced by the skeleton of an open roof which still requires funds for its completion, but which at least has destroyed the *tricubical beauty*, and given eighteen feet of additional height and somewhat of true proportion to the interior.

Meantime the alteration of the old low-browed windows into taller and more graceful shapes has been proceeded with. Last year the square pews were removed, and the tessellated pavement laid; the seats throughout the chapel were lowered from their former frowning height beneath the windows; the organ was removed from the west window, and placed in a house built for its reception on the north side; the organ gallery was done away, and the screen placed against the west wall. Thus the proportions were again improved by the additional length gained, as previously, in the alteration of the roof, by the additional height.

As had been contemplated before the making of the last improvement, a new porch was now necessary. The school raised a very handsome subscription nearly sufficient to complete this work which is now fast rising from the ground, and which by its projection across the whole length of the west end, and by the beauty of its details will give to the exterior of the building something of force and character. At the same time the west end has been faced with stone, a new west window made, the old elephant-leg buttresses attenuated to a juster size, and topped with more shapely pinnacles, as the gable with a more graceful cross. The old cross, however, had been loved by Arnold, and so it has been let into the wall of the inner vestry, to be preserved in company with his chair and table.

It now remains that we give some account of the windows, the choicest possession of the chapel. Happy chance in the first instance, since followed out by choice, and, as we trust, to be so followed hereafter, has given us already in the body of the chapel

the main part of a series, the first half of which is fitly occupied with the scenes of the Divine Infancy, the other with the last great acts of our Redemption. At present they are not all placed in due order, but if regard is had to the series in placing future windows, those which are now out of place may easily be re-disposed.

The east window and the two adjoining it upon the south are the three great scenes from the Infancy, THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI-KINGS, THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, and THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE. These three, perhaps, though not perfectly accurate in order, are sufficiently so when we consider that we ought to keep in its place the east window, (figured in our frontispiece), which Arnold "delighted to regard as so strikingly appropriate" an one for a place



The Presentation.

of education,—as shewing forth the devotion of the riches and the learning of the world, and of the three estates of man, old age, and middle age, and youth, to the service of the Child Jesus. There is one scene of the Infancy wanting to complete the parable—the acceptance of the poor as set forth in the Adoration of the Shepherds. Perhaps when the stonework of this window is altered as it should be, it will be possible to introduce that subject above the present one, as the figures are on a small scale, after the manner of the eastern windows of Lichfield. The scene required is found in glass of the same size, and by the same artist who executed our Magi, in one of the windows of Wadham College Chapel. It was purchased with another from the same church, at Oirschot near Louvain, when ours was bought by Dr. Arnold from the parish, who, by parting with their glass, raised funds to restore the building. The ancient glass in this window is in the finest and richest style of the foreign work of the end of the fifteenth century. It is injured in

effect by modern alterations and additions, but the damage is not irreparable. It is of the time when the Three Kings had each received a local habitation and a name, and Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar have each their appropriate costumes and visages.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT is a noble present lately made to the school by the many Rugbeians who are now in India, — the Egypt of Modern Europe. Beneath it is the inscription on a brass label—

*"Hanc fenestram Rugbeenses apud Indos Orientales
commorantes Suorum haud obliti. B.C. m.dccc.lii."*

It is of the latest Nuremberg style, from the workshops of the Kelnern, the artists of the new windows of Cologne. It is a fine specimen of the school, and an excellent illustration of its aims. It possesses perfect correctness and beauty of drawing, smoothness and delicacy of finish, softest gradations of tint, and, at least in the pictorial part, harmony of colour also. It aims also at realizing the scene,—apart from all conventionality and

medæval usage : no crowns, no jewels, no rod of flowering lilies, not even an aureole on the brow of the Child-God : only a stony road, and a thistle, and on the shoulder of Joseph his axe, and the shadow of a tree, and a blue mountain peak in the clear air beyond.

Yet even as we turn to the PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE, (a beautiful fourteenth century work from Rouen) with Mary and Anna in tunics and mantles of silk and velvet and cloth of gold, with ermine sleeve and gorgeous orphrey, the knees of the latter bent on an embroidered cushion, the head of the former glorious with rays, we should take but a superficial view if we thought this more remote from the actual event than the other. Surely in that philosophic head with its soft curling locks and beard, and in that rich stainless surcoat of purple with amice of fine green and under-robe of scarlet ; in that sweet lady sitting so gracefully, those delicate hands, that clear northern whiteness of face and neck : in all this we find a no more

real representation of the untaught carpenter whose clothes were such as a carpenter might wear, worn, rent here and there with his rough work, coarsely seamed, and now dusty with travel, or of the humble eastern maiden whose hands were embrowned with gleaning and fetching of water, and whose face was close-muffled with the black veil as she went down into Egypt, than we find of this same Mary and of Anna in those other queenly ladies.

The end of realization is accomplished no more by the modern than by the mediæval artist: but whereas both alike felt that the plain work-day garments were no subject for stained glass; that what they wanted was something

“Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes

As are the tiger-moth's deep damask'd wings;”

and yet that these scenes of the Divine Life were the true subjects of their art; whereas they both thence inferred that they must *translate* those scenes, and that (while they

preserved the posture and the gesture of their figures, all that was necessary to direct the mind to the transaction intended) they must introduce such dresses and such splendid accessories, as should tinge "the common light of day" with the brightness which they sought, the modern, in order to attain this, simply dressed his carpenters and fishermen well; made them philosophers and ancient Syrian gentlemen; *falsified* his subject, while the mediæval *glorified* it. For the latter thought how, though the actions were long past, the actors of them were yet alive, and how these were they to whom it had already been assigned "to sit on thrones," "to shine like the sun," "to have crowns on their heads and palms in their hands," "to be radiant with beauty and with the oil of joy and with garments of praise." And thus he robed his saints, in such earthly types of their celestial splendour as the words of Scripture warranted, even while he was limning some scene of their lives below, so raising in glory, in power, and spiritually the deed which had been done

in *dishonour*, in *weakness*, and *naturally*. Surely there is truth in this spiritualism, far deeper than any naturalism.

As regards the artificer's part in the glass it is curious to notice how the Nuremberg glass has the appearance of a picture painted on some smooth thin delicate material, while the Rouen glass proclaims itself as a thick hard solid ice-like substance whose colours are in itself, and flash out of it, and not merely play upon the surface. We may add that in the Presentation window the figure of Simeon is partly modern; that the additions necessary to adapt the window to its present place are by Mr. Miller of London; that the scroll bears two legends—"The Lord shall suddenly come to his temple," and "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace;" and the scroll of the Egypt window the legend—"Under the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge, until this tyranny be overpast."

We have said that of the windows in the body of the Chapel one part relates to the early years, and one part to the closing week

of Christ's Life. The south transept window—JESUS BLESSING CHILDREN—may be taken as typical of his Ministry in its direct bearing on the young. It is skilfully adapted from Overbeck's well known group; it is a work of the same artists as the Egypt window, and possesses the same characteristics of handling and execution. The head of the window is especially remarkable as an example of the new mode of dealing with tracery, and even of the employment of new colours. This window is a gift of the present Headmaster to the Chapel, and bears the legend.

*"In honorem Dei O. M. et in hujus ædis exornationem hanc
fenestram dicabit Edwardus Meyrick Goulburn S.T.P. Magister."*

The next window westward should naturally be the last recorded scene of the boyhood of our Lord—HIS CONFERENCE WITH THE DOCTORS IN THE TEMPLE; this would give room for the introduction of one or two happy local associations which would be quite in the spirit of

the old artists. But all this is at present a "Fancy in Nubibus."

The next window would be the first scene of our second group of windows, (those connected with the Passion and the Resurrection) namely—OUR LORD BEFORE PILATE, which is now the last window on the north. It is an old German window; though late, of exceeding purity in style and colour, brought here in 1840, the valuable present of the Rugbeians then resident at Oxford and Cambridge. It then suffered somewhat from the introduction of gray landscape and the intrusion of a mean figure holding an ewer before Pilate's feet; but this has been recently removed again, and the whole window restored with great ability and care by Mr. Ward of London. The ancient heads exhibit a delicacy and variety of character rarely attained until the later days of the art, and seldom have the aching weariness and deep languor which must have followed that night of pain and immortal grief been better expressed in any "Ecce Homo" than they are in this pale

bowed figure standing with such effort before the magnificent judge and amid the mailed soldiers. The motto is "God shall send forth his mercy and truth; my soul is among lions."

The next window of the series will be the westernmost on the north side; the CRIMEAN WINDOW, the work of the Messrs. Hardman, shortly to be erected as a memorial to the twenty-five Rugbeians who have fallen in the late war. The subject is THE CONFESSION OF THE CENTURION, "Truly this was the Son of God;" and thus while we link their memories with that famous military confession of the faith, we do not break our series, but it reaches here its crowning point in the CRUCIFIXION OF OUR LORD.

A brazen tablet beneath will record the names of that our gallant little band, from the white-headed veteran general who entered our walls above half a century ago to the dearly-remembered young boy from whom we had parted but a few months when he fell so bravely not in destroying men's lives but in saving them.

The next window is that scene which though unrecorded in Holy Writ, is written on many hearts as one that must have had place among the acts by which Christ shewed forth his perfect human love and duty to his mother,—

When the holy Maid beheld
Her risen Son and Lord —

She is in her chamber waiting the coming of “the third day.” She has been kneeling at a faldstool, over which hangs a board inscribed with prayers, and reading the prophecies; our Lord has entered behind her “red in his apparel,” the standard of his victory over Death and Hell in his hands, and with the wounds of his great conflict visible. She is quickly coming towards him, joining her hands, and according to the plaintive old legend “falling upon her knees, to thank him meekly for that he had been pleased to bring redemption to man, and to make her the humble instrument of his great mercy.”

This appears the plain and simple mean-

ing of the much-criticized attitude in which the Virgin appears. The inscription "*Apparuit primo Mariæ Magdalænæ. Sanctus Marcus, cap. xvi., ver. 9.*" was added in 1836 when the window was placed here, under a mistaken view of the subject. This is again a foreign work of the fifteenth century; the truth and clearness with which the folds of drapery are drawn in the ancient part, and the beauty of the violets and greens are very remarkable.

We now come to the closing scene of the series—THE APPEARANCE TO SAINT THOMAS of which we have spoken in the former chapter. It remains only to add that it is by Willement, executed unfortunately at the time when bad drawing was supposed essential to the imitation of ancient glass, but possessing great merit in detail and in colour, as well as in the general feeling. This window should finally be placed opposite to the north end of the Communion Table, and so at once take its place in the series, and shine over the grave of him whom it commemorates.

It is hoped that at some future time the west window may represent the Ascension.

The north transept window contains three small single figures—the centre by Wailes, CHRIST BLESSING A CHILD, AND SIGNING HIM IN THE FOREHEAD; the right hand, ST. JOHN, by Hardman, very beautiful, in memory of a young Rugbeian, R. B. Townsend; and the left hand, ST. LUKE, the figure by Wailes, the head by Hardman. The singular little figures in the tracery, with the similar ones in another window, are ancient, and German.



Chantrey's beautiful monument of Dr. James is well known; Dr. Wooll's monument is by Westmacott. The inscriptions on these and the remaining monuments are appended to this chapter.

The small altar piece is of the school of Vandyke; a present from M. H. Bloxam, Esq.

Here must we finish our sketch of the chapel as it is. It is a place that has had much love and many gifts from those who

have hitherto worshipped within it. And as it has been to some the birthplace and to many more the nursing place of aspiration, resolution, holy habit, so may their affection not cease to turn to it in years to come. For themselves our best wish is that their after-course may be such that, even for thoughts of them, as well as for its own sake, others may love the place that has known them.

E. W. B.



Dr. James's Monument.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER III.

The Commemoration of the Founder on the 20th of October.

PROPER PSALMS—cxlv. cxlvi. cxlvii.

THE FIRST LESSON.—Ecclesiasticus, c. liv.

THE SECOND LESSON.—First Epistle to the Corinthians, c. xiii.

The Collect for the Founder.

WE give Thee most humble and hearty thanks, O most merciful Father, for our Founder LAWRENCE SHERIFFE, and for all our Governors and Benefactors, by whose benefit this whole School is brought up to godliness and good learning; and we humbly beseech Thee to give us grace to use these Thy blessings to the glory of Thy Holy Name, that we may answer the good intent of our religious Founder, and become profitable members of the Church and Commonwealth, and at last be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

This Collect is said on Founder's Day before the Collect for the Day; and on other days after the General Thanksgiving.

COPIES OF INSCRIPTIONS IN THE CHAPEL.

I.

THOMAS JAMES, S. T. P.

COLL. REGAL. APVD. CANTABR. OLIM. SOC.
SCHOLÆ. RVGBIENSIS. AB. A. S. MDCCCLXXVIII. AD. A. S. MDCCXCIV. MAGISTER
VIXIT. ANNIS. LV. MENSIBVS. X. DIEBVS. IX
DECESSIT. X. KAL. OCTOBR. A. S. MDCCCIV. VIGORNIE. SEPVLTVS. EST
ERAT. IN. HOC. VIRO. INGENII. ACVMEN. SINGVLARE
QVO. VENVSSTATES. LITERARVM. IPSE. PENITVS. PERSENTIRET
ERAT. IN. IIS. EXPONENDIS. VERBORVM. NATVRALIS. NON. PVCATVS. NITOR
ITA. VT. QVOD. IPSE. OPTIME. INTELLEXISSET
COPIOSE. ET. DILVCIDE. CVM. ALIIS. COMMVNICARET
ERAT. LEPORE. CONDITA. GRAVITAS. QVA. MENTES. PVERORVM. AD. SE. ALLICERET
ET. DISCENDI. TÆDIVM. DOCENDI. SVAVITATE. LENIRET
ERAT. IN. SVMPITIBVS. EORVMDEM. MODERANDIS. IN. VALETVDINE. TVENDA
IN. MORIBVS. AD. PVDICITIAM. PROBITATEM. PIETATEM. INFORMANDIS
ANIMVS. VERE. PATERNVS
HIS. ILLE. VIRTVTIBVS. INSTRVCTVS
SCHOLAM. HANCCE. MAGNA. DISCIPULORVM. FREQVENTIA. MAGNO. FAME. CVMVLO
AVXIT. ATQVE. ORNAVIT
QVI. AVTEM. APVD. DISCIPVLOS. SVOS. SANCTI. PARENTIS. LOCVM. TENVIT
IDEM. ILLE. HVIVS. SCHOLÆ. GVBERNATORIBVS. ITA. CARVS. ACCEPTVSQVE. FVIT
VT. AB. IIS. VNA. MENTE. REGI. HONORIFICE. COMMENDARETVR
CVIVS. FAVORE. PRÆBENDARIVS. IN. ECCLESIA. CATHEDRALI. VIGORNIE. CONSTITVTVS. ESSET
TALI. ET. PRÆCEPTORI. ET. AMICO
ALVMNI. EIVS. PIO. GRATOQVE. ANIMO. H. M. P. C. A. S. MDCCCXXIV.

Written by Dr. James's pupil, BISHOP BUTLER.

II.

IOANNI WOOLL. S. T. P.
 COLL. NOV. AP. OXON. OLIM. SOC.
 QVI PER. ANN. XXI SCHOL. RVG. MAGISTER.
 BONAM. EIVS. FAMAM. QVA. NIHIL. ANTIQVIVS. HABVIT.
 FELICISSIME. SVSTENTAVIT.
 VIR. ERVDITVS. PIVS.
 MORIBVS. GRAVIS. IVCVNDVS. ELEGANS.
 ADOLESCENTIVM. ANIMOS. ARTIBVS. INSTRVXIT. INGENVIS.
 ET. ROBORAVIT. PECTORA. RECTISSIMO. CVLTV.
 AMORES. IDEM. OMNIVM.
 SINGVLARI. QVADAM. SVAVITATE. SIBI. CONCILIAVIT.
 OBIT. IX. KAL. DEC. A. S. CĪG. 15CC. XXXIII. ET. LXVII.
 ALVMNI. PRÆCEPTORIS. OPTIMI. NON. IMMEMORES.
 CONLATA. PECVNIA. H. M. FACIVND. CVRAVER.

Written by REV. J. H. MACAULAY, Master of
 Repton.

III.

· VIRO. REVERENDO ·
 · GEORGIO. LOGGIN. A. M ·
 · PRÆCEPTORI NON. MINUS. IN. ARTIVM. STUDIIS ·
 · LIBERALIVM. DOCTRINISQVE. VERSATO ·
 · QUAM. IN. DOCENDIS. EISDEM. INDEFESSO ·
 · AMICO. ETIAM. SOLICITO. VIGILI ·
 · AC. PCENE. PATERNO ·
 · QVI VIXIT ·
 · ANNIS. XL. M. IV. D. V ·
 · OBIT ·
 · ID. M. QUINTIL. A. S. MDCCCXXIV ·
 · M. H. F. C. ·
 · PIETAS. RUGBIENSIS ·

IV.

EDMUNDO LALLY

FILIO UNICO. CARISS. OBSEQUENTISS.

QUI VIXIT

ANNIS XII M. II. D. XI

H. M. F. C.

PARENTES CONTRA VOTUM SUPERSTITES.

TE JUVENEM EGREGIÆ SPEI

TE MORTE IMMATURA PEREMPTUM,

QUAM MERITO LUGET RUGBÆA.

AVE VALE.

V.

M · S

HENRICI. SPARKES. HATCH

SCHOLAE RVGBIENSIS. ALVMNI

QVEM. BONARVM. LITERARVM. STVDII. FELICITER. INCVMBENTEM

SVA. QVOQVE. DISCIPLINA. CARERE. NOLVIT. CHRISTVS

SED LENI. PRIMO. MANV. ARREPTVM. ATQVE. EXCITATVM

DIVINAEQVE. SVAE. VOCL. INTER. LAETA. OMNIA. ASSVEFACTVM

GRAVI. TANDEM. DOLORE. LENTIQVE. MORBI. CRVCIATIBVS

QVAE. EST. CHRISTIANORVM. INSTITVTIO

DIV. TENTATVM

AD. SVVM. SVORVMQVE. EXEMPLAR. INFORMAVIT

INFORMATVM. BREVI. AD. SE. ARCESSIVIT

VOS. AVTEM. TAM. BONI. SANCTIQVE. ADOLESCENTIS. AEQVALES

SI. QVANDO. EVM. IMMATVRA. ABREPTVM. MORTE

VESTRO. AMICORVM. CHORO. DEESSE. DOLEBITIS

AT. EIDEM. EXACTO. CERTAMINE. VICTORI

EXAVCTORATO. PRIMIS. STIPENDIIS. CHRISTI. MILITI

PARTAM. CÆLI. QUIETEM. NOLITE. INVIDERE

DESIDERANDVS. QVIDEM. INTERIIT. SED. NON. LVGENDV

QVIPPE. TALIVM. EST. REGNV. DEI

VIXIT. ANNOS. XIX. MENSES. IX. DIEM. I

OBIIT. A. D. V. IDVS. OCTOBR. ANNO. SALVTIS. MDCCCXXXV

PRIMVS. IN. HOC. LOCO. SEPVLTV. EST

Written by DR. ARNOLD.

VI.

M. S.

ALEXANDRI FREDERICI MERIVALE A. M.

COLLEGII SS. TRINITATIS
 APUD CANTABRIGIENSES
 OLIM SOCI
 ET HUIUSCE SCHOLÆ
 PER TRES ANNOS E MAGISTRIS
 QUI PUBLICA ET PRIVATA MUNERA
 OPTIME AUSPICATUS
 QUIPPE QUI CHRISTUM SOLUM AUSPICEM
 NOVISSET
 INOPINATO CORREPTUS MORBI IMPETU
 RECENTISSIME NUPTAM UXOREM
 MORIENS RELIQUIT
 INFELICEM INFELIX
 NISI QUOD CHRISTIANAM CHRISTIANUS.
 DOMINUS AUTEM QUEM DILIGIT CASTIGAT
 STOKIE CANONICORUM IUXTA EXONIAM
 IACET SEPULTUS

Written by DR. ARNOLD.

VII.

IN HOC SACELLO SEPULTUS EST
 CAROLVS IACOBVS FOX SNOWDEN
 SCHOLÆ RUGBIENSIS ALVMNVS,
 QVI EGREGIA VERITATE
 BENIGNITATE VERECVDIA
 QVOTIDIANA QVÆ APVD NOS SVNT OFFICIA
 DILIGENTISSIME PERSEQVENS
 VERVM SE CHRISTI DISCIPVLVM
 QVANTVM EXTERNIS INDICIIS
 IVDICARI POTEST

SEMPER PRÆSTITIT.
ANNVM MVLTVS EHEV NOSTRORVM
FVNERIBVS DEFLENDVM
PRIMVS MORIENS SIGNAVIT.
OBIIT PRID. KAL. MAL. MDCCCXLI.
ÆTAT. XV.
ET VOS IGITVR ESTOTE PARATI
QVIA QVA HORA NON PVTATIS
FILIUS HOMINIS VENIT

Written by MR. COTTON.

VIII.

The Inscription of DR. ARNOLD'S Monument
is given above at page 60.

IX.

M. + S.

VIR : REV : ALGERNON GRENFELL A. M.
COLLEGII VNIV : APVD OXON : SCHOLARIS
HV² SCHOLÆ PER XIV AN : E MAGISTRIS
DISCIPVLOS SVAVITATE VERE SVA
TANTVM NON PARENS AD SE ALLICIEBAT
LENTO ATTENVATVS MORBO
PLACIDE IN CHRISTO OBDORMIVIT
VIDELICET EXPECTANS DVM DILECTIS ILLIS
QVOS PIETATE PASTOR PRÆCEPTOR LITERIS IMBVERIT
CÆLO ADDITIS GRATVLETVR
N . KAL : APR : MDCCCIV
OB : PRID : NONAS MART : MDCCCXLV
INFRA SEPVLTVS IACET

Written by the REV. C. HUME of Meonstoke.

X.

M + S

VIR : REV : CAROLI MAYOR A. M.

COLLINGHAM : N : PRID : ID : JUL : MDCCCXIV

HIC : OB : PRID : KAL : SEPT : MDCCCXLVI

QVANTA IN SVOS FVERIT PIETATE

QVANTAQVE IN OMNES BENEVOLENTIA

QVAM ENIXE HVIC SCHOLÆ

PRIMVM DISCIPVLVS DEINDE MAGISTER SE DEDERIT

QVIS NON RECORDATVR EX AMICIS.

INCORRVPTA ILLA MORVM GRAVITAS

CONSTANTIA VERITAS DILIGENTIA INDICIO SVNT

HAVD FRVSTRA EVM DEDISSE OPERAM

VT CHRISTVM VITA REFERRET

TO . ZHN . ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ . Κ-Ι . TO . ΑΠΟΘΑΝΕΙΝ ΚΕΡΑΟΣ.

Written by the REV. CHARLES ARNOLD.

XI.

M · S

GEORGII IOANNIS KENNEDY A. M.

COLL . DIV . IOANN . APVD CANTAB . QVONDAM . SOCII,

HVJVSCÆ SCHOLÆ E MAGISTRIS,

VIRI EXQVISITO INGENII ACVMINE,

DOCTRINA MVLTIPLICI ET RECONDITA,

FACETIARVM LEPORE SINGVLARI.

FALSA OMNIA ET FVCATA PEROSVS, VERVM VNICE AMABAT,

QVÆ SCRIBENDA OPERA SVSCEPERAT,

GRAECIS LITERIS IMPENSE DEDITVS,

PROPERA MORTE CORREPTVS IMPERFECTA RELIQVIT,

QVAM PLVRIMIS DEFLENDVS ET AMICIS ET DISCIPVLIS.
 LVGENT VXOR ET QVATVOR FILII :
 AST IN CHRISTO SOLATIVM,
 SI QVID IIS POLLICITVS EST
 QVI AETATEM VIRILEM PARVVLORVM SIMPLICITATE EXORNANT.
 OB . ANT . DIE . III ID . SEPT . A . D. MDCCCLVII AN . AET . S . XXXVI.

Written by DR. TAIT.

XII.

Infra sepultus jacet
 IOHANNES WALKER, I.F.
 juvenis
 ingeniosus, mitis, pius,
 proptereaque impavidus,
 qui sodalem vicino fluvio jam submersum
 morti erepturus,
 ipse vitam vita redemit.
 A. D. V. KAL. SEP. A.S. MDCCCXII
 ÆT. XVI.

XIII.

M. S.

FRANCISCI JOHANNIS ONSLOW JUSTICE
 J. F. JUSTICE, Advocati,
 De filiis qui solus superfuit.
 Maximæ si quis alius Hilaritatis,
 Quæ tamen Verecundiæ Fines migraret nunquam ;
 Vita incorrupta Integritasque morum
 Indicio erant
 Lenius eum Christi haud detrectavisse Jugum ;
 cujus Viribus enixus
 Illecebras Pueritiæ Incuriamque magnopere vitavit,
 Veram illam esse Cœli credens Viam,

si quis tum Animum tum Corpus
 ea instruxisset Disciplina,
 Qua omnia et seria et levia Christi Gloriæ inservirent
 Natus a. d. iv Id. Maii. MDCCCXXVI.
 Obiit a. d. xix Kal. Oct. MDCCCXLII.
 Sub hoc Sacello sepultus jacet.

Μακάριοι οἱ καθαροὶ τῇ καρδίᾳ ὅτι ἂντοὶ τὸν Θεὸν ὄψονται.

XIV.

M. S.

GEORGII DOUGLAS PHILPOT.

Hujusce scholæ per V annos alumni;
 Qui pene a cunabulis Christum Dominum secutus,
 Postea cum ad cœtum vestrum puer additus est,
 Non secutus ipse tantum,
 Verum alios quoque e vobis plurimos
 Ad facile Illius jugum suscipiendum auxiliatus,
 Omni deinde auctoritate, qua eum aut spectata pietas
 Aut excelsior quem hic per biennium tenuit
 Locus instruxerat
 Ad unius DEI gloriam inter vos promovendum usus;
 Tandem jam hinc Oxoniam transiturus,
 Ad meliorem in coelis domum lethali est deductus morbo.
 Ne memoria sanctitatis tam eximiae apud vos consenesceret,
 E Magistris nonnulli et condiscipulis hoc marmor posuere;
 Sperantes tam sibi quam aliis,
 Quibus hoc propositum sit exemplar,
 Idem quod ei moribundis fore solatio;
 "Et si ambulavero in medio umbræ mortis
 Non timebo mala quoniam TU mecum es."
 In patriis ædibus obiit a. d. viii. Id. Sept. A.S. MDCCCXLVI.
 Ætatis autem suae XIX^{ma}.

XV.

M. S.

CAROLI . DONALDI . NAPIER
 VIRI . HONORABILIS . CAROLI . NAPIER . FIL.
 HUIUSCE . SCHOLÆ . ALUMNI
 NAT . IV . NON . NOVEMB . MDCCCXXX
 VITAM . BREVEM . MORTE . TRANQUILLA . FINIVIT
 XIV . KAL . DECEMB . MDCCCXLVI
 SPEM . SALUTIS . ÆTERNÆ . IN . CHRISTO . PROFESSUS
 FILIO . AMANTISSIMO
 UNICE . AMATO
 PATER . MOERENS

XVI.

IN MEMORIAM *

GVL. WEBB FOLLETT BRIGHT.

OBIIT MDCCCLI.

ANNOS XX NATVS.

XVII.

M S

GUIDÆ PARSONS.
 NATUS IN HANC VITAM
 KAL . SEPT . MDCCCXXXVII
 INNOCENS INTEGER JUCUNDUS
 SODALIBUS DILECTUS
 A. D. IX KAL. JAN. MDCCCLIII
 IN VERAM ILLAM ET SEMPITERNAM
 MIGRAVIT.

Written by MR. CHARLES ARNOLD.

* It will be interesting to mention that these simple words are the fulfilment of a hope expressed by a youth of noble promise, but a short time before his words were unexpectedly realised, that his only epitaph might be the title of his favourite poem.

XVIII.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

TO THE MEMORY OF RICHARD BOWDLER TOWNSEND
AGED XXII YEARS.

Beneath the Saint John, in the window
of the north chapel.

XIX.

*'Ευφράνθην ἐπὶ τοῖς εἰρηκόσιν μοι
'Εἰς οἶκον Κυρίου πορευσόμεθα.*

Over the west door,—“The Euphranthên” of
old Rugbeians.

XX.

Aedícula' h'c in M'm Algerno' Extentell et Caroli Mayor amici posuerunt.

Over the arch of the north chapel.

XXI.

*Beati Mortui qui in Domino moriuntur:
Etiam, dicit Spiritus, Et requiescant a laboribus suis.*

On the walls of the north chapel.

XXII.

Regnabit a ligno Deus.

Over the painting of the Crucifixion, which
forms the Altar-piece.

The following Inscriptions are connected
with the School, but exist elsewhere.

XXIII.

STUDIIS HUMANIORIBUS
IN COLL. REGINÆ APUD OXONIENSES
INTER POPULARES SUOS
FELICITER ABSOLUTIS
THOMAS CROSFIELD, A. M.
INGENII ET INDUSTRIÆ FRUCTUS CONTULIT
AD USUS REIPUBLICÆ,
ET INFORMANDOS PUERORUM ANIMOS:
PROVINCIAM ÆQUE ARDUAM AC UTILEM:
AD QUAM TAMEN ADMINISTRANDAM
MIRE APTUM EFFINIERAT NATURA,
PERFECERAT USUS ET DISCIPLINA.
IN OBEUNDO MUNERE EMICUIT
DILIGENTIA, HUMANITAS, FIDES;
IN TOTO VITÆ CURRICULO
ANTIQUA MORUM SIMPLICITAS,
MODESTIA SINGULARIS,
ANIMUS VERE LIBERALIS
AMBITIONI ET LUCRO AVERSUS,
AMICORUM COMMODIS
INTENTIOR QUAM SUIS.
SCHOLIS DAVENTRIENSI ET PRESTONENSI
PER PLURES ANNOS PRÆFUIT,
PARI LAUDE ET SUCCESSU
PRÆCEPTOR VIGILANTISSIMUS,
RUGBEAM DEMUM INVITATUS,
FAMA PRÆEUNTE ET COMMENDANTE,
SPLENDIDÆ DUX COLONIÆ,
HUC MIGRAVIT:

SUMMIS OMNIUM VOTIS,
 SUMMA OMNIUM EXPECTATIONE,
 QUAM MORTE SOLA FEFELLIT:
 DIE APRILIS 2^o.
 ANNO ERÆ CHRISTIANÆ 1744,
 ÆTATIS SUE 36.

MARGARETTA UXOR M. P.
 IUXTA CONDUNTUR CINERES THOMÆ CROSFIELD FILII,
 NATI 12^o MAII 1742. DENATI 6^{to} MARTII 1748.
 MARIA CROSFIELD, FORUM FILIA,
 OBIIT UNDECIMO DIE JANUARIJ, ANNO DOMINI 1802.

In Rugby Parish Church: Written by
 Dr. Knail.

XXIV.

ELISABETHÆ

CONJUGI CARISSIMÆ QUÆ OBIIT III. NON. MART. MDCCLXXXIV. M. H. P. C.
 THOMAS JAMES, S. T. P. SCHOLÆ RUGBEENSIS MAGISTER.

Εὖδε, φίλη ψυχῇ, γλυκερόν καὶ ἐγέρισμον ὕπνον.

XXV.

M. S.

SPEARMANNI WASEY,
 SCHOLÆ RUGBEENSIS ALUMNI;
 GULIELMI JOHANNIS SPEARMANNI WASEY, (REGIORUM EQUITUM OLIM R PRÆFECTIS)
 ET ELIZABETHÆ HONORIÆ, UXORIS SUE, FILII.
 OBIIT X. KAL. SEPT. A. D. MDCCLXXXV. ÆTATIS SUE XV.
 INNOCENS ET PERBEATUS, MORE FLORUM, DECIDI.
 QUID, VIATOR, FLES SEPULTUM? FLENTE SUM FELICIOR.

Written by Dr. James.

XXVI.

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF THE
 REV. STANLEY BURROUGH, M. A.
 WHO FROM THE YEAR 1759 TO 1778 HONOURABLY FILLED
 THE IMPORTANT STATION OF HEAD MASTER OF RUGBY SCHOOL.
 HE DIED APRIL 12, 1807, AGED 82,
 HAVING BEEN 28 YEARS RECTOR OF THIS PARISH.
 HERE ALSO LIE THE REMAINS OF MARY HIS WIFE;
 SHE DEPARTED THIS LIFE SEPT. 12, 1801, AGED 86.

In Sapcote Churchyard, Leicestershire.

XXVII.

JUXTA JACENT
 STERILES JAM ET ELANGUIDI
 SACRÆ QUERCUS
 RADIX, SURCULUS, RAMUSCULI,
 VIZ.
 FRANCISCUS HOLYOKE ALS DE SACRA QUERCU RADIX,
 THOMAS, FRANCISCI SURCULUS UNICUS.
 AMBO SUPERIORIS NOTÆ LEXICOGRAPHI,
 JUDITHA FRANCISCI, ANNA THOMÆ UXOR,
 QUORUM THOMÆ ANNÆQUE RAMUSCULI
 NUMERO DUODECIM IN VITA HAUD PENITUS OBSCURI;
 QUORUM UNUS,
 SCHOLÆ APUD RUGBY COM. VARVICI
 PER XLIII ANNOS MODERATOR,
 HANC TABULAM ANNALIUM LOCO
 EREXIT,
 QUI ET IPSE CONTABUIT X^o DIE MARTII,
 ANNO { DOM. MDCCXXX.
 ETAT. LXXII.

In St. Mary's, Warwick: written by
 Mr. Holyoake.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCHOOLS.

"THE WORKS WHICH CONCERN THE SEATS AND PLACES OF LEARNING ARE . . . FOUNDATIONS AND BUILDINGS . . . MUCH LIKE THE STATIONS WHICH VIRGIL PRESCRIBETH FOR THE HIVING OF BEES :

PRINCIPIO SEDES APIBUS STATIOQUE PETENDA,
QUO NEQUE SIT VENTIS ADITUS, &c.

THE WORKS TOUCHING BOOKS ARE . . . LIBRARIES, WHICH ARE AS THE SHRINES WHERE ALL THE RELICS OF THE ANCIENT SAINTS, FULL OF TRUE VIRTUE, AND THAT WITHOUT DELUSION OR IMPOSTURE, ARE PRESERVED AND REPOSED."—*Lord Bacon.*



View of School Buildings from the Dunchurch Road.

THE SCHOOLS.

COULD Lawrence Sheriffe rise from the dead, and see the pile of School Buildings which now meets the eye from the Dunchurch Road, he would be surprised indeed at the dimensions, which the "fayre and convenyent School Howse," contemplated in his last Will and Testament, has in the lapse of years attained. By the

provisions of that Will it appears, that "the Messuage or Mansyon House of the saide Lawrence" (the house, probably, in which his parents lived, and the home of his birth and childhood,) was bequeathed by him to be the "Mansyon House of the Schoole-master and his successors for ever, without anything to be paid therefore." This nucleus of the Institution seems to have been a goodly house, as houses then were; for we are informed that "it had an arched porch over its principal entrance." It was situated on the north of the Parish Church, and on the site of the present Almshouses of Lawrence Sheriffe. The Will further provides a new erection, — to wit, a "fayre and convenyent Schoole House, to be builded neare to the Messuage aforesaid, within which a free Grammar Schoole should be kept for ever." This was the original school, and corresponded to the present "Great (or Big) School," as the aforesaid Messuage corresponded to that part of the present School House, which is appropriated to the residence of the Headmaster

Thus we see that the term "Schoole House" has undergone in lapse of time a change of meaning, the worthy Lawrence understanding by it nothing more than a Schoolroom, in which his scholars should be taught, — we modern Rugbeians on the other hand denoting by this household word the common dwelling of the Headmaster and his boarders. We have seen that Lawrence assigned his own "Mansyon" as a dwelling for the Master; accommodation for Boarders is of more modern origin, and never entered into his design, the "Free School" having been intended "to serve chiefly for the children of Rugby and "Brownesover aforesaid, and next for such as "be of other places thereunto adjoyneing." These "children" would of course board and lodge (as do their representatives the present Foundationers) under the roofs of their parents. Of the Schoolroom (which we assume, rather than know, to have been built in pursuance of the Will shortly after Sheriffe's death) we have one or two characteristic details, enabling us to picture it to the mind's

eye. It was "long and rather lofty" (says one, who saw it in its latter days; for he said lessons both in it, and in that which succeeded it on another site)—it was "built with timber,"—it lay north and south, and so at right angles with the "Messuage" (which lay, like the Church, east and west),—and its entrance was at the north end. The same eye-witness (a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1809) tells us of the House that, despite the arched porch over its principal entrance, "it was very indifferent." "I have said many a lesson in a small room, "into which the Doctor" (Dr. Knail, so called by courtesy, for in the list of Headmasters he appears as William Knail, A.M.) "occasionally called some boys, and in which he "smoked many a pipe," (remember, kind Reader, that *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*) "the fragrance of which "was abundantly retained in the blue cloth "hangings, with which it was fitted up." Our lively informant next gives us a glimpse of the "Speech Day," as it was in those olden

times, when a soft carpeting rather than a cumbrous and unsightly gallery, as at present, was regarded as the meet preparation of the Speech Room. "On the anniversary, which "was in the summer," (Query, what anniversary? That of the Founder's Death is not in the summer, but on the 20th day of October; the present "Speech-Day," however, corresponds to this anniversary, falling always in the latter end of June) "the School was strewed with rushes, the Trustees attended, and speeches were made by several of the Boys, some in Latin, some in English." From this circumstance, attending its gala condition, we shall take the liberty of christening this original School, **The School of Rushes.**

"The School Howse" however and the "Mansyon Howse" did not exhaust either the design of Lawrence Sheriffe or the original institution. In those times the work of Education seems to have had, in the minds of good men, an immediate connexion with the relief of the poor. To shelter the houseless, and feed the hungry, were then regarded only

as subordinate fulfilments of the great duty of "showing mercy," one of whose higher acts was "to instruct the ignorant." We have lost to a great extent this thread of relationship, which strung together of old the Alms-house and the School. For the view we instinctively take of Education in this degenerate nineteenth century is purely intellectual and secular; we have disconnected it, as much as may be, with religion and with the training of the heart,—the great and the only fruit which we imperiously exact from it is worldly advancement,—and perhaps we are not wrong in harbouring a secret conviction that mere mental cultivation, sought and bestowed for mere secular considerations, can hardly be called an act of *Mercy*—that the so designating it would be to desecrate Religion's Temple by bringing into it the traffic and money-changing of the world. Widely different were the views of Education, entertained by those who founded most of our educational institutions; and accordingly among these national benefactors, we find Lawrence Sheriffe direct-

ing his executors to "provide or build neare to
"the said Schoole Howse, foure meete and dis-
"tincte lodgeings for foure poore men," who
"should freely have their lodgeinge" therein,
"and should also each of them have towards
"their reliefe, Seven Pence by the week, to be
"weekly paid at Rugby aforesaid." Two of these
original almshouses were built on to the east
end of Lawrence Sheriffe's Messuage ;—where
the other two were, we are not informed.

Picture to yourself then, good reader, the
original Institution of Lawrence Sheriffe — the
Messuage, with an arched porch, and a study
hung with blue cloth drapery, lying opposite
to, and parallel with, the Church—two "meete
and distincte lodgeings for two poore men"
abutting on the eastern end of this Mes-
suage, and immediately behind this pile of
building, the long and rather lofty "Schoole
House," built of boards, lying north and south,
with a Boys' entrance from the north end,
and, we presume, with a small access for the
Master on the South, but a few paces, pro-
bably, from his "Mansyon House."

But "*aliquando bonus dormitat*," — and, good as was the design, one not unimportant point had been overlooked by the Founder,— a playground for the Scholars. The act of Parliament touching Lawrence Sheriffe's charity in 1748 recites in its preamble that "the School House was in too confined a situation, and without any ground or enclosure adjoining for the exercise and recreation of the boys." The correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine before quoted fully bears out this complaint. Thus, he writes: "I do not recollect any playground belonging to the *old* School, but there was a piece of ground *beyond the church-yard*, sometimes used by the boys." Another authority does not mince matters as regards the then scene of juvenile recreations: "There was no regular playground; *sometimes the church-yard was used for this purpose*, and sometimes a field behind the National School" (the "piece of ground" alluded to above) "now included in the new burying ground." This juxtaposition of ancestral graves with youthful gambols strikes

one as a very unpleasing feature of the "Old School,"—an arrangement contributing neither to health nor liveliness. We suppose that the young gentlemen of those days resolved to indemnify themselves for the gloom thus cast over their spirits, by due resort to a spectacle which one of them tells us was to be enjoyed in the neighbourhood. We quote again from our old ally, the *Rugbeian* correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the passage is so good that we do not feel it necessary to apologise for extracting it in its integrity:

"In my time, at Rugby, there was a disorder, which occasionally made its appearance, but was confined to the female sex, and amongst them was chiefly found in the lower class. The symptom was, a violent inflammation in the tongue, producing loud, incessant, discordant notes, sometimes causing (involuntary) motions in the hands; the husbands were the persons most exposed to the effects of this distemper; but it often extended to the neighbours. The only remedy ever found was the application of cold water, which was used in this manner:—A pond was fixed on, of a proper depth, in which was placed an upright post, and on the top of that a long pole, turning on a pivot, having at the farther end an elbow chair; in this chair the patient,

or rather the indisposed person, was seated, and secured from falling out by a cross bar, as we have all seen in the case of little children. The doctor then lifting up the hither end of the pole, the farther end descended, and the occupier of the chair was suddenly immersed: the shock was equal to that of a shower bath, (invented, I believe, since,) but more effectual, as it assuredly put at least a temporary end to the disorder, and the fit seldom returned under a month, if a radical cure was not produced. This machine I perfectly well remember in a pond near the ground used as our playground. Whether it now remains there, your Correspondent can perhaps inform you. Indeed, it is so seldom that one of them is seen in these days, that I am inclined to think the disorder, like the leprosy, is worn out, and is now only known in England by tradition."

We should inform those of our readers, who do not happen to be antiquarians, that the method of "Taming the Shrew," which Mr. Urban's correspondent avers that he witnessed, when a boy at Rugby, descended to us from our Saxon ancestors. The name of the chair in which the scold or "unquiet woman" was fastened, in order to her submersion, was called "the Cucking Stool"—

a word of questionable etymology. "Some think it a corruption from "ducking stool;" others from "choaking stool," "quia hoc modo demersæ aquis ferè *suffocantur*." It is mentioned in the third part of the Homily against Contention as "one of those notable kinds of paine, wherewith, in all well ordered cities, common brawlers be punished." "Morgan, the editor of Jacob's Law Dictionary" (we quote from the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*) "mentions that he had seen the remains of an instrument of this kind in Warwickshire." Probably this may have been the very "cucking stool," whose remedial applications to the Warwickshire scolds, when it was in a state of efficiency, the Rugby boys had witnessed. We do not suppose that they occupied themselves, although scholars, with the derivation of the word, or that they read, in the dripping spectacle, a grave lesson "against contention;"—yet we doubt not that, from whatever motives, the application of "the cucking stool" excited interest enough among the scholars of Lawrence Sheriffe's Grammar School,

to secure a large and early attendance at the pond.

We have thus, then, gained a sufficiently accurate idea of the original School Buildings of Rugby, and of the resources resorted to by the boys, in defect of a "School Close."

And thus matters stood as regards the buildings for 180 years—that is, from the first foundation of the School, which we may place in 1570, three years after Sheriffe's death, (time being thus allowed for the arrangement of his affairs, the collection of the funds from various sources, the building of the School-room and Almshouses, and the election of a Master,) and 1750.

In the "Schoole Howse" which we have described, Mr. Nicholas Greenhill, the first Headmaster upon record, (the Mr. is not our modern prefix for all names of gentlemen, but represents the academical term "Magister," Lawrence having prescribed that his "Schoole-master bee ever, yf it may conveniently bee, "a Mr. of Art,"—"Magister Artium") gave his instructions. Here Mr. Wiligent Green (a

quaint Christian name; "Diligent," one would think, would have been more appropriate for a "schoolmaster") presided over the "free Grammar School." Here, at the period of the Martyrdom of the most devout of England's Sovereigns, and during the first dreary days of the Commonwealth, Mr. Raphael Pearce (his Christian name, perhaps, an indication of the Puritanical tendencies of the time) prepared Scholars for the revolutionised Universities. Here Mr. Robert Ashbridge, in 1674, commenced the School Album* or Register of

*This point in the History of the School is observable, for here we are met by the first notice on record that the Institution had outgrown the local leading strings in which Lawrence had confined it, and had gained something of a national character. "In the very first year in which the "Album commences, we find the name of one of the "family of Vaux, from Cumberland, and several others who "were not foundationers; and before the end of that century, there are names entered from almost every part of "England." At what time the enlargement of the original plan by the admission of boarders first took place, whether these boarders were accommodated in the "Messuage," and if not, how and where,—History saith not.

Admissions, which has been duly kept ever since, and in which, for the first hundred years, the names are entered in Latin. Here Mr. Henry Holyoak (registering himself in the said Album as Henricus de Sacrà Quercu) commenced his long and prosperous reign almost simultaneously with the happy accession of the House of Hanover, and enrolled among the members of the School scions of the aristocratic families of Mordaunt, Craven, Greville, Grey, Feilding, Cecil, and Ward. All these Masters sat and taught and stilled the uproar in the "School of Rushes," and passed away to make room for others, before decay attacked the timbers of that School. But in process of time came that decay.

In 1748 (under the Headmastership of Mr. Knail), it was found that the Mansion house, School, and other premises annexed to it, had become so ruinous as not to be worth an effectual repair. Accordingly, the Trustees then, as now, twelve in number, (Sheriffe had left only two, who both misconducted themselves—and on their death, twelve new ones

were appointed by a decree of Elizabeth from the principal gentry of the county and neighbourhood), applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to raise a sum of money on Sheriffe's Middlesex estate, and to purchase therewith "a large and convenient new-built house, with a piece of ground contiguous thereto, suitable for a school and for a place of exercise." The Act was passed, and, in pursuance of it, the Trustees purchased—not the house which they had contemplated when making their application to Parliament (afterwards well known in Rugby as belonging to the late George Harris, Esq., one of the oldest and most deservedly respected inhabitants of the Town)—but one which was, in every way, more suitable, as standing clear of the Town, and having several small closes annexed to it. This seems to have been the Manor House of Rugby, part of which was probably built in the time of Charles I. It stood on the site of the present School House, and formed the residence of the Headmasters, who, as occupying it, might be regarded as Lords of the

Manor, down to the year 1810. Such was the substitute provided by the Trust for the now decaying "Messuage or Mansyon-House" of Lawrence Sheriffe. We do not possess any details respecting this residence.

The next point to which the Trustees had to turn their attention was a substitute on the new site for "the fayre and convenyent Schoole House." For this purpose they erected a building of brick instead of timber, adjoining the Manor House on the West. It occupied the site of, and was nearly of the same dimensions as, the present School Hall (that is, the Dining Hall of the Boarders in the School House). Those of our readers who know Rugby will be able to picture it to themselves, by imagining the present School Hall converted into a School,—with an apsidal or semicircular termination towards the Close (where at present the dais is), in the midst of which was the Headmaster's chair commanding the entire room,—and having on the West (towards the Chapel) "two large doors which were "only opened on the day of the Trustee-meet-

“ing in August,” and over which on the outside was erected “a handsome porch according to the rules of the Doric order,”—the whole being surmounted by a cupola with a clock and a wind-vane, into which was worked the date of the erection—1750. We are told that the builder was one Johnson, patronised by the Caves of Stanford Hall, (which ancient family then furnished one of the Trustees of the School) and that the work was considered to do him credit. We have already adverted to the decoration of the Old School with rushes on the Speech Day. We are informed in the “Memorials of Rugby,” that “about the middle of the last Century, the rushes were exchanged for oak boughs.” This change of decoration then must have been nearly coeval with the erection of the New School; sufficiently so at all events to warrant us in denominating this Second School of Lawrence Sheriffe as **The School of Oak Boughs**. Above this School, and extending the whole length of it, were two chambers, one a sitting room, and the other a dormitory, for the in-

mates of the School House. The sitting room, wherein, we are told, "were kept the Boys' Boxes of Books," would correspond to the Fifth Form Room of the present School House, which is used as a Common Room for the Senior Boys, and on whose shelves are ranged numerous volumes, of lighter reading, we apprehend, than those of old found in the "Boxes," while the one dormitory would find its representatives in Nos. 1, 2, 3, &c. of the present mansion, and specially in No. 7,—that room of many beds—over which the first Præpostor in the House presides, for the maintenance of good order and discipline. For we are told in Ackermann's History, with a spice of sly fun, that the authority of this first Præpostor was more required than exercised in those days—"The bedroom," saith that document, "*was not the most peaceable lodging in the house.*"

Perhaps the greatest advantage enjoyed by the new site over the old one was the resource which it furnished for the exercise and recreation of the boys. The Manor House had "two or more closes thereto ad-

“joining,” which passed with it into the possession of the Trustees. One of these was immediately converted into a playground, the rest being given up to the use of the Master. From time to time additions have been made to this playground by the throwing into it of adjoining enclosures, as the exigencies of the school required it, and thus has been gradually formed the present School Close, of which, as well as of the games which proceed in it, it is the province of another chapter to speak. But we may mention here that in 1816, (under Dr. Wooll) the School Close of Rugby reached the exact size of the Conduit Close in London (afterwards called Lamb’s Conduit Fields),—the Middlesex Property, which came to the School from the bequest of the Founder, and from which by far the greater portion of its funds are derived.

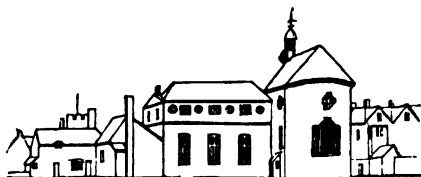
Behold, then, the “Schoolemaster of Law-
“rence Sheriffe” transferred from the Founder’s Old Messuage to the Manorial Residence of Rugby,—his boys, (the correspondent of the Gentleman’s Magazine among them) saying

lessons to him and the second master, in a room on the site of, and resembling, the present School Hall, with the appurtenances of a bow-window and a Doric Porch, and disporting themselves with bat and ball after such lessons were said, no longer amidst the tombstones of the church-yard, but under the elmtrees of the Close. The only recipients of Lawrence Sheriffe's bounty who lingered still, like ghosts of the past, on the old site, were the Almsmen, who still, as of yore, flitted in their blue gowns across the street to prayers in the Parish Church. The old "Messuage," patched and propped, lingered on till 1783, in the occupation of a gardener, who smoked his pipe in the blue-draped room, where the Headmaster of yore smoked his, and kept his tools and garden pots in the "fayre and conveyent Schoole Howse adjoyneing." Such strangely different scenes did the "School of Rushes" witness, before it was finally dismembered.

Time passed on. Mr. Knail, Mr. Rich-

mond, and Mr. Burrough successively presided in "The School of Oak Boughs," and at length gave place to "Thomas James, D. D.," who assumed the Mastership in 1778, and held it for sixteen years. Dr. James was an Etonian, and he introduced at Rugby the system of teaching and discipline, observed by that great Queen of Public Schools—Eton. This arrangement, combined with the scholar-like teaching and great popularity of Dr. James, seems to have given to Rugby a new start in public favour,—so that its numbers speedily overflowed the limits of a single school-room. Down came the Doric porch from the west of the "School of Oakboughs," to be perched at its northern (or apsidal) extremity. In its place were built on to the School two new rooms (the ancestors of those which are now [1856] appropriated to the Fifth Form and to the Twenty) having a communication with it by the large doors before mentioned. Subsequently, as still more room was wanted, certain barns and outbuildings, which had formed part of the property

purchased in 1748, were converted into temporary schools. We present a Sketch of the School of Oak Boughs, thus enlarged, as it was seen by a spectator from the Close.



It is to be remarked that with this "lengthening of its cords," Rugby School had made a not unimportant modification of its system. It is at Winchester (we believe) and elsewhere the arrangement, that all the boys shall receive instruction in one and the same room. This system has its advantages. First, it renders necessary, and so exacts from the boys, the habit of fixing their attention amidst noise and distractions,—a valuable habit surely. Secondly, it imperatively demands loud speaking on the part of the pupil, in order that the master may hear; and in the train of loud and distinct enunciation comes accuracy; for a boy is ashamed

to proclaim as if upon the housetop a slovenly blunder, which under a thick and low utterance might perhaps pass muster. On the other hand, the system of separate schools for separate forms has very much to recommend it in the comparative quiet which is thus secured, and in the saving of voice to the masters, whose throats on whole School Days are taxed very severely.

The "School of Oakboughs" was considerably shorter-lived than its predecessor "of Rushes"—it ran its course in something more than half a century. It was then felt that, if possible, a certain aspect of uniformity ought to be given to the buildings of Rugby School. Some of them, as we have seen, were mere farm-buildings converted into schools, and standing separate from the main pile. Nor was the old Manor House of the same style as the schools which had been builded on to it. The Trustees therefore, in the year 1808, obtained from the Court of Chancery powers to raise money for re-erecting the buildings on one uniform plan. Several

eminent architects of that day sent in designs for carrying out this object: among them was Bononi, whose design was in the Palladian style, and "would have been something like "Peckwater Quadrangle at Christ Church." Mr. Samuel Wyatt's design, however, was that which gained most suffrages, but the sudden death of this gentleman led to the appointment of Mr. Henry Hakewell as his successor. The present pile of buildings, completed in about six years, and executed at a cost of about £35,000, is the result of Mr. Hakewell's labours. The style adopted in them is perpendicular.

We may not conceal, notwithstanding all our love of Rugby (a love strong enough to cover a multitude of architectural sins) that the details of these buildings are very faulty. Several points, however, are to be observed, which, if they cannot justify these faults, at all events greatly palliate them, and qualify the censure of an impartial judge. In the first place English Architecture had not then received that amount of attention which has

since been bestowed upon it. We must measure performances by the standard of the age which gave birth to them. And we believe that these buildings are not only on a level with, but in advance of, that knowledge of the art, which obtained among architects in quite the early part of the present century. If our architects now know more, and are more correct in their structures, it is perchance not because they are greater men intrinsically, but because they stand on the vantage ground of recent studies, embodied in recent treatises. On all subjects, involving a contrast between modern progress and the early efforts of ancient days, the language of humility as regards ourselves, and veneration as regards our predecessors, is that also of a sound philosophy. Witness the words of one of the acutest of modern Philosophers :

“ On peut aujourd’hui prendre d’autres sentiments et de nouvelles opinions sans mépriser les anciens et sans ingratitude envers eux, puisque les premières connaissances qu’ils nous ont données ont servi de degrés aux nôtres ; que dans ces avantages, nous leur sommes redevables de l’ascendant que

“ nous avons sur eux ; parce que, s'étant élevés jusqu'à un certain degré où ils nous ont portés, le moindre effort nous fait monter plus haut ; et avec moins de peine et moins de gloire nous nous trouvons au-dessus d'eux.”

But we feel that we are justified in using stronger language on this subject than that of mere apology. We challenge any one to deny that the general effect of the present pile, when seen from the Dunchurch Road, is other than good. Nor is it an oversubtle refinement to distinguish between the general character of a building, and its sections in detail. We recognise readily enough that the features of a *countenance* (taken separately) may be faulty, and yet the expression pleasing. Nay, in the human countenance, is not the beauty of pleasing expression something higher, and more highly appreciated, than that of symmetry of feature ? In a building there is something corresponding to the eye, and play of feature, and to the other points which constitute *expression* in the countenance,—which something we take to be the impression left by the coup d'œil, or general survey

of the whole at a sufficient distance. We think the general survey of Mr. Hakewell's work is extremely creditable to him.

Then again, the buildings of Rugby School have a character of their own,—which is more than can be said in favour of all buildings. Once seen, they are not soon forgotten. They are durable structures, with the features of strength and solidity clearly impressed upon them,—evidently built for use, and not for ornament, and free from all kind of pretension.

It remains to mention those chambers, which from their size, or associations with the memories of old Rugbeians, afford most points of interest.

According to the plan which we have adopted throughout this chapter, the residence of the Master,—the present representative of Lawrence Sheriffe's "Messuage,"—comes first into notice. It is a thoroughly well-arranged house, and its connexion with the boarding-house annexed to it is admirably contrived. Its Drawing-room and Study command a view

of the School Close, which presents the appearance of a small park, enlivened, during the half year, by the games which are there



The School Close, and Cricket Pavilion, as seen from the School House.

carried on. Its principal interest is of course derived from its having been the residence of the late Dr. Arnold,—and this interest attaches most strongly to two apartments in it—the Study, where we believe he often sat in the evening, engaged in the composition of his works, with his family around him (for he appears not to have needed retirement for the concentration of his attention)—and one of the bedrooms,—an apartment lighted only by one window, and looking upon the Close,

—where that spirit, so strong intellectually and morally, put forth its last energies to meet an hitherto untried antagonist—bodily pain—and, through faith in Our Redeemer, passed out of this world “more than conqueror.”

Next in order comes the Great School—the successor of the “School of Oakboughs.” We have said that on the site of this latter now stands the School-hall—a dining-hall, and no longer a room where boys receive instruction. The Great School lies considerably to the west of this, and forms one side of our



The School Quadrangle.

small Quadrangle. Designating it, as we have

designated its predecessors, by its fittings up on the "Speech-day," we must call it **The School of the Oxford Gallery**,—the Oxford Gallery being a structure of seats for spectators, by which, on that occasion, the School is metamorphosed into a species of rude amphitheatre. The name of "Oxford" is due to the fact that the original Gallery, out of which the present Structure grew, was appropriated to the accommodation of those Old Rugbeians, who were fulfilling their academical course at Oxford. And hereby hangs a tale. For our reflecting readers will naturally enquire why, if this be the origin of the term, the Sister University should not have been added to Oxford, and so the Gallery have been styled either the Oxford and Cambridge Gallery, or the University Gallery. Be it known then to all whom it may concern, that Rugby School was originally (more from custom, we apprehend, than from design) considered a Seminary for Oxford. Time was when there was either no such thing as a Cambridge Rugbeian, or, if such

an exception to the ordinary rule found place, he was a "*rara avis in terris*,"—looked upon with wonder and curiosity like some strange animal in a menagerie. For our forefathers could not but wonder how any sane person, when the "*Utrum horum mavis accipe*" was propounded to him in the choice of an University, could elect the inferior of the two alternatives. But "*nous avons changés tout cela*." Of late years many of the choicest of our flock have made this worse election,—and many of our most efficient Masters have been summoned from the banks of the Cam. And, bantering apart, we think it a far larger and more liberal view of the Office of a Public School to regard it as a feeder for both Universities than for one. Each University, we doubt not, has its distinct sphere, and occupies that sphere better than its sister would do: each supplies nobly and gallantly the other's lack of service,—and our hope and prayer for one, as well as the other, is that, while all really wholesome reforms are admitted, both of them may be saved from

the encroachments of that spirit of reckless and irreverent destructiveness, which regards Antiquity as synonymous with Abuse, Innovation as identical with Improvement—and the result of whose working (if unchecked) will be to convert these grand Institutions (at present the only existing Institutions of their kind in Europe) from strongholds of the English Church, and educators of the English Gentry into two small focuses of Intellectual Democracy, where a few Professors and Scholars shall continually reside, absorbed in their own speculations, and exerting no influence whatever upon the national character. But we digress.

In the Great School the boys meet daily for Morning Prayers, and for the “Callings over;” it is the only building with the exception of the Chapel, in which the whole School is ever congregated. Its floor is some sixty-three feet long, by twenty-nine broad,—its height twenty-six feet.

But incomparably the most interesting school-room is the Library, where the Sixth Form are taught, and where they are examined at Mid-

summer in the presence of the Trustees. Its lofty windows, blazoned with the initials **L. S.** and with coats of arms, its oak panneling, and the slight gallery which runs round it above, and gives access to the higher book-cases, communicate to the room an antique and venerable appearance. Here again we come across the foot-steps (deeply printed everywhere) of the reminiscences of Dr. Arnold,—here it was that he threw into his lessons that enthusiasm, which carried away the young mind in the pursuit of knowledge, as a fierce fire carries with it into the air some light material attracted into its current,—from this window it was that with his usual love of Nature, he used to mark a lime tree, in a far off garden, which, seen above the roofs of the houses, gave notice of the approaching spring.

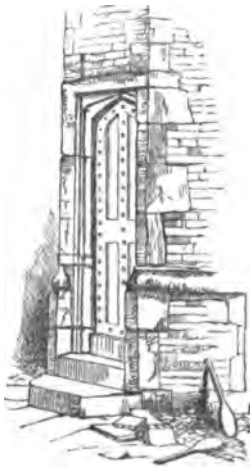
We must add another feature of this library—the little tables which adorn it, and each of which at lesson time one Præpostor appropriates to himself—and while we do so, we cannot help expressing a hope that the authorities will never allow these tables to be broken up or destroyed, containing, as they

do, carved upon them by pen-knives plied in many a thoughtless hour, the names of numerous old Rugbeians, some of which have attained, as others, we doubt not, will attain, a deserved celebrity. They correspond to the walls of the Upper School at Eton,—on which may be still read the heartstirring names of Pitt and Wellesley.

Opening out by a small door from this room, but having its main access from the Quadrangle, of which it forms the north side, is "The Arnold Library." It was one of the monuments erected at Rugby in commemoration of Dr. Arnold, the other being the recumbent figure under the Tabernacle in the Chapel. It is a long gallery, in which is contained the nucleus of a valuable library, and also of a small but good Museum,—and perhaps the best we can say of it in its present state, is that it has capacities, which we hope to see duly developed in course of time. The attention of Rugbeians, and of those connected with the School, is at present sufficiently occupied with the Chapel. When the designs for giving to the Chapel the architectural beauty which it ought to possess

(rightfully the first object which has a claim upon us) have been carried out, we trust that a careful consideration will be given to the question — how the Arnold Library may be rendered more worthy of the School, and of the great name which it commemorates.

We suppose that we must follow in this description of our buildings, the plan on which the life of Dr. Syntax was composed—that of “writing up to our pictures.” Among the sketches with which our kind but fantastic artist (verily a most invaluable ally) has favoured us, is one of a certain school-room at Rugby, around which, as we have heard say, do not cluster the most jocund associations of Rugbeians.



The access to this grim room is by a staircase in a turret, and in a closet of this mysterious turret are said to be contained certain implements of boyish torture, considered still (as of old) essential to the discipline of a Public School. This room (or its prede-

cessor) is that for which Lord Lyttelton, under a former Headmastership, suggested the witty motto :—

Great Cry and Little School.

and our artist's sketch will serve at all events to perpetuate so happy a bon-mot.



Interior of the Turret.

We have spoken of the three schools, that of Rushes, that of Oak-boughs, and that of the Gallery. It may be interesting to our readers to know that there is at present a person in Rugby, whose image in our

minds can scarcely be torn away from the two latter structures,—with such Cerberus-like vigilance did he guard them both, and so constantly was he seen, napkin on arm, moving amidst the grim chambers, which it has been the province of this chapter to describe. The general law of

human existence is that men have a shorter term of life than the buildings tenanted by them,—that the wood and stone withstand the assaults of time, while the living faces pass away, and other voices echo in our homes. This faithful servant presents an exception to the rule. His venerable form carries the memories of Old Rugbeians back to the days of the Old Manor House, whose timbers fell into decay nearly half a century ago,—a circumstance which by itself, we think, fully justifies us in presenting to our readers a sketch of Thos.,



The living link between the School of Oakboughs
and the School of the Gallery.

LIST OF HEADMASTERS.

*No records have been preserved of the names of the
Headmasters previous to the Seventeenth Century.*

Magister* **Nicholas Greenhill**, 1602.

Magister **Augustine Rolfe**.

Magister **Willigent Green**.

Magister **Raphael Pearce**, 1642; died 1651.

Magister **Peter Whitehead**.

Magister **John Allen**, died 1669.

Knightley Harrison, A. M., 1669; resigned 1674.

Robert Ashbridge, A. M., 1674; resigned 1681.

Leonard Peacock, A. M., 1681; died 1687.

Henry Holpoake, A. M., 1687; died 1731.

John Blomer, A. M., 1731; resigned 1742.

Thomas Crossfield, A. M., 1742; died 1744.

William Knapp, A. M., 1744; resigned 1751.

Joseph Richmond, A. M. 1751; resigned 1755.

Stanley Burrough, A. M., 1755; resigned in 1778.

Thomas James, D. D., 1778; resigned 1794.

Henry Ingles, D. D., 1794; resigned 1806.

John Wooll, D. D., 1806; resigned 1827.

Thomas Arnold, D. D., 1828; died 1842.

Archibald Campbell Tait, D. C. L., 1842; resigned 1850.

Edward Meprick Goulburn, D. D., 1850.

* In reference to this title see page 118.

CHAPTER V.

THE OUT-DOOR LIFE:

1. FOOTBALL.
 2. THE OPEN COUNTRY.
 3. THE CLOSE.
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"IT WAS IN THE ENGLISH SCHOOL PLAYGROUNDS
THAT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO WAS GAINED."—DUKE
OF WELLINGTON.



Puntabout.

FOOTBALL.

IN all recollections of Rugby, Football must occupy a prominent place, for Football as played at Rugby, is in itself, its accompaniments, even in its very pomps and vanities, essentially Rugbeian. We can offer no better proof of the truth of this, nor call up more vividly to our school-fellows the vanished days of departed glory, than by attempting to record the feelings expressions and circumstances,

which attended the first introduction of Football for the year, and the still more glorious epoch, the first day of the Sixth Match.

It is September; and Cricket is triumphant, and the big-side ground unconscious of the profane heel-marks of "places," which are soon to sully its beauty. It is September, and questions are beginning to be asked;—"When will Football be in?" "Football! in about a month:" so answer the Eleven, contemptuously; the Twenty-two, as in duty bound, fiercely; and the aspirers to the Twenty-two, as by interest bound, almost pugnaciously. But September is getting on, the question becomes a murmur, and the murmur becomes a growl, and growls are always listened to, if loud enough. And by the 15th it is *very* loud: fellows get tired of looking on at the matches; they come up to tea and vow there's nothing to do, that it's a confounded shame to keep in the Cricket just for some few fellows, when all the rest want Football at once. Hereupon some patriotic fellow in the Sixth or Fifth, is heard

to express a decided opinion that "it isn't a shame, but a piece of impudence ; just like the Eleven, they think they can do any thing." In fact the matter is seriously discussed in the hall that evening, and the consequence is, that popular feeling runs so high in the morning, that at first lesson, an acute observer might detect, passing along beneath the tables of the Twenty, Fifth, and Upper Middle Fifth, the following exciting document, "Levéé of Big-side at a quarter-past-nine." Let us hope that a similar paper has also been passed down the Sixth, not *beneath* the tables, but boldly from table to table, with that openness which proves that the necessity of occasional public notices being thus made there, is felt, allowed, and consequently *not* abused. Eight o'clock ! the Twenty, Fifth, and Upper Middle Fifth, have already spread the news that the Levée on Football is to come off at a quarter-past-nine, and the excitement is already great. At half-past-eight or a quarter to nine, up come the Sixth, who, as soon as they have gone

through the daily and wholesome task of growling at the length of first lesson, looking for their rolls and making the coffee, establish themselves happily in the circle already assembled in the hall, and add fresh fuel to the flame already kindled. Canvassing is now active: a member of the Eleven feels at a discount, and there is a decided impression everywhere apparent, as to the expediency of burking the Twenty-two. All the old arguments protestations and jokes, are gone through. Fellows vow it is as cold as Christmas; that Football has not begun so late for years—"they have the day in black and white, on which Puntabout came in last year, and can show it to any fellow who doubts, besides if three parts of the school wish it, why shouldn't they have it?" But it is nine o'clock and fellows begin to put on about three great coats apiece by way of facetiously impressing upon people's minds that it is cold enough for anything—especially Football; and from each house sallies forth an excited throng of voters, conscious and justly elated with the

consciousness, that in no trivial matter they are going to decide upon the interests of the whole School.

Surely this law and legislating in all its degrees, this constitutional settling of these excited questions by a recognised authority, is very good and humanizing. This however en parenthèse. All arrive in the Quad, and there the united streams of Hillmorton, and Barby, and School House, with the tributary rivulets from Buckoll's and elsewhere, have met, and the head of the School has just got the key of the Fifth-form school, and the Big-side Levée has begun. All orderly and proper now: plenty of excitement, but under decorous restraint. The chairman (Head of the School *ex officio*) states what the Levée is called for. Up gets a violent Footballist in at least four great coats, and moves "that it is high time that Football do instantly and totally commence!" in a short speech immensely cheered, in the tail of which cheering the motion is seconded. Then come the opponents, perhaps the head of the Eleven.

He is a man in office, and has a right to speak, and is heard respectfully. He moves an amendment, "that Football do not commence for a fortnight." He too is seconded, and also cheered somewhat, for the Twenty-two are faithful and zealous.

Then come the moderates, who want half of the Close for Cricket, and half for Football. They are not much cheered — good healthy excitement never likes your moderate people much—but there is not much talking, for Big-side Levées are very practical assemblies, and have always a strong perception of the fact that they are met to vote, not to talk; some too (but these are of the moderates) think of second lesson, otherwise a very abandoned idea. But the chairman is on his legs :—"Gentlemen, the question is, &c. &c." Those who are in favour of this motion say 'Aye,'—a yell of 'Ayes;' Those against it say 'No,'—a very respectable shout of 'Noes;' Chairman loquitur. "The Ayes have it." Roars universal of "divide." Then the excitement is a little assuaged, for the

two parties have to go outside and come in again to be counted, and a scrummage in going out is naturally felt to be a great relief. When all are out, the Chairman stands at the door with paper and pencil in hand, and as each individual comes in (now too business-like to scrummage) takes down his very emphatic 'Aye,' or 'No.' At last all are in, and dead silence ensues. The Chairman, big with the School's destiny, rises. "Gentlemen, the motion is CARRIED by a majority of 49, the numbers being &c. &c." Then comes yelling, in an interval of which the Chairman is heard shouting "Gentlemen, the Levée is adjourned." Then comes another scrummage and fresh excitement, for with the true and natural effect of things being *lawfully* done, now that the proper tribunal has decided the matter, Eleven, Twenty-two, aspirers, and all, join in rushing down to Gilbert's or Jenson's, and in a short time two three or four Puntabouts are flying behind the Chapel. Ah, who does not know the ecstatic feeling of the first sight of a

Football for a year! its very shining yellow newness being emblematic of a beginning, not a decaying, joy;—who forgets the laughter with which some Cricket ball from some deluded and expiring “End,” is regarded, as it invades the space allotted to its fresh, gigantic, and now popular brother; who too can forget the shock which his first enthusiasm was too apt to sustain, on his first attempt at a “Drop,” when the just confidence in last year’s prowess was repaid by a strained instep that laid him up for a fortnight. The first Puntabout over, Football is fairly in, and must take care of itself, and very well able it generally is to do so. The first School Little Side, the first House Matches, all partake of the vivacity of a new excitement, but still there is something wanting, there is still an agitation in the system which can only be relieved by one remedy, by boldly opening the great vein of all, and allowing the blood to flow out freely in that most glorious channel—a BIG-SIDE MATCH.

The first match is now-a-days almost as great an event as the first Puntabout; Cricket

makes a dying struggle for its last inch of ground, the sacred corners of Big-side; but the vox populi will prevail; the Levée is over, and the dictum has gone forth, "Sixth Match this afternoon." This afternoon, be it understood, always is, or at least was till very recently a Saturday, the Sixth match for various reasons always commencing upon that day. Second lesson is over, and nothing save dinner and first calling over can intervene before the great event. Oh! the languor of the Little Sides that morning. Oh! the agonizing looks towards threatening clouds, the intense joy as dinner ends and everybody rushes up to dress, (fellows always dress an hour too early the first day) and then at last when, about three o'clock, some two hundred are seen flitting about the Close in spotless whites and jerseys, and shining black belts, taking a lazy part in the lazy Puntabout—*then* hope begins to be realised, and the Match does really seem near. Calling over! Breathes there the Master of the Week with soul so dead as to be late on this day, after all, *the*

great day of the year? The Big School is soon filled, a glistening array of whites, soon to lose their dazzling hue; fellows, who are coming out in caps for the first time, vainly trying to hide the blushing velvet in their hats; the Præpostors of the week walking the Schools in the same inspiring costume; the heads of the School-side rushing about giving directions advice and warnings of that most dreaded and dreadful of all punishments, "sending in to Goal;" all this adds to the animation, and even doubles the din of calling over. The Master of the Week looks provokingly unconscious, and keeps sitting in his desk, as it seems, a most extraordinarily long time. At last, "——" the first name is called, and it is begun. The Head of the School goes out, turns round by the door, and with a smile of bliss which cannot be repressed, gives utterance to that magic word which, unheard for so many months, now falls in its majestic monotony as sweetest music on every ear,— "Match—Match—Match." The crowd is thickening behind the Chapel, some devoting them-

selves to the Puntabout, some discussing coming events, some gathering round the patriotic individual who has just brought the two Big-side balls from Jenson's, and walks about with an air of dignity befitting so high a trust. At last all are out. Second, First, Lower First; and the Head of the School and the Head of the Twenty (who has always been from time immemorial five feet three inches in his stockings, at the outside) are confronted within a ring as though for pugilistic purposes. Far from any thoughts of pugilism however, are the courteous, happy, good humoured, and somewhat facetious throng around them, who are hushed into deepest silence as the Head of the School tosses the fatal sixpence, and the Head of the Twenty rashly calls "Tails." The Sixth have the choice, (it is a remarkable fact, but true, that they *always do win* the toss the *first day*) and then comes the delicious shout "Sixth to the Island Goal." The great mass ebbs away towards the tuft of trees (once a hillock) bordering Big-side, and there is the necessary disrobing performed,

and in five minutes all are arrayed, the most striking spectacle perhaps that anything in the way of a School game can afford. It is a mild sunny day, late in September; the grass is still green and untrodden, (for no Football is allowed between the goals before the Sixth Match) the glorious elms have lost none of their thick verdure, the rooks, so characteristic of the old Close, are cawing their enjoyment of the pleasant September afternoon, while on the island the trees, which always precede in decay their brethren in the close, already giving signs of approaching autumn, by their varied tints at once soften and sombre the cheerful landscape: the groups of ladies and other spectators who throng this favoured spot (now, alas! no more an island) may have time to look over the whole scene, from the long line of the School House, the Schools, and the Chapel, across the bright green fields down to where Bilton's gray spire rises out of woods which remember Addison. But now the heroes of the day are assembled, and they turn their fair

glances in another direction. Drawn up before the island goal is a little band, some forty in number—some huge, strong, massive; others light, smart, active; all eager, courageous, zealous. It is with them as with the warriors of old: not the weight, not the mass, but each man's individual prowess must gain the victory. How well is each acquainted with his particular post and duty! These are to play forward, these to lead the sudden rush, or by their vast bodies check the threatening scrummage, or turn the direction of a tumultuous "run in." These again, are to play back or forward as occasion offers, the *tirailleurs* or light infantry of the tiny army; to change the aspect of the moment by a happy drop; and turn the tide of victory from the island to the white gate; lastly, there are those who feel that keeping goal, defending the very crown of conquest, is no mean or unworthy task, since beneath those very bars were given to immortality the names of Clough and Harry Thorpe. Nor do the adversaries present a less magnificent and

orderly appearance; but alas, it is a host as that of the Philistines. Of four hundred and sixty adversaries two hundred stand forth to battle, leaving the countless multitude to guard the camp. There they stand, those two hundred,—the scarlet and gold of the School House; the green and gold of Cottons'; the purple and silver star of Mayor's; the flushing red and crescent of Arnold's; the orange and silver of Price's; the crossed black of Anstey's, all stand in terrible array against the devoted band. It is the contest of age and weight against numbers; and numbers are no small help; and weight in the Fifth and Twenty begins to be painfully respectable. But now all is silent. Far from each other lie the opposing hosts. Between, in a line with the three trees, reposes the yet intact ball. All is hushed,—still! Suddenly, from some stentorian lungs amid the two hundred, comes the shout, "Are you ready?" A moment's pause, a hurried glance all around,—and again the silence is broken, and the Sixth leader answers with a solitary emphatic "Yes!"

Once more perfect stillness. A single chosen champion of the Fifth steps forth between the two lines, rushes at the quiescent ball—Shouts of “Well kicked,” “catch it,” and then adieu to words. Those stationary bands, as by a magician’s wand, are transformed into one restless, moving, thronging mass. The ball, soon stopped in its aerial career, is lost in the gathering crowd, and the SIXTH MATCH IS BEGUN; and when once begun who shall describe its progress? Surely no one ungifted with Homeric vision* can do it justice; yet for want of worthier bard will we ambitiously essay the arduous task.

The ball is caught: again it rises in the air; but this time caught no more; for he who vainly stood forth to meet it just touches the ball, and at the same time falls prostrate before the weight of the advancing foe. Onward it goes through the three trees; but lo! one, adroit, active, cunning, has caught it on

* But see some Greek Hexameters published in the *Rugbeian* in 1839.—ED.

the bound ; with slippery wiles eludes countless adversaries ; and with one successful drop sends it far over the heads of the advancing party. Then is the tide of war changed with a vengeance. Onward rush the gallant Fifth, and just as the ball is within a hundred yards of the goal it is caught by some stalwart champion of the Twenty, put under his arm, and suddenly "Maul him !" "Well done !" "Go it !" re-echoes from three hundred lungs, and every member of either side is thronging to the conflict. Then comes the tug of war. The hapless and too adventurous hero who first grasped the ball, and he who first dared to stay his course by his rough embrace, both roll on the ground, locked in each other's arms, the foundation of a pyramid of human flesh, giving vent to screams, yells, and groans unutterable. But no soldier ever grasped his colours more strenuously on the field of battle than does this gallant member of the Twenty the no less precious ball. Stifling, suffocating, crushing backwards and forwards heaves the thickset

mass ; at last numbers *will* tell : the goal is



Hacking.

passed : the gallant holder of the ball, disdaining to speak before, hears the cry "In, In," and collecting what breath is left in his exhausted lungs, gasps out—"My ball." A side glance—all eyes to the left—and the fact is indisputable ; the ball *is* in goal. Instantly every one gets or is dragged up ; stray caps are picked up and restored, and the struggling mass is dissolved. These, exulting, retire some two hundred yards ; those, mournful, lean against goal-posts, or otherwise ease their weary limbs.

At last suspense is over ; a try—a failure ; no exultation, though deep joy ; slowly and

deliberately the ball is kicked out; not, however without something of military tactic "Kick towards the three trees, we always do better there, we can keep together; and kick high, so that we may charge up before they catch it." So counsels some venerable and athletic Nestor; and true to the word up goes the ball, and before it descends, the heavy sons of the Upper Bench are upon it, and with one shout of triumph the three trees—the Thermopylæ of the Close—are gained, and the ball is hastening towards the School Goal. In touch. A dead silence, both parties preparing for a struggle. Out comes the ball; some giant hand strikes it yards on towards the School Goal, and, like bloodhounds on the scent, the Sixth close in. "Look out in goal!" Vain cry! Is not a fight going on by the School House wall, and what discipline shall break the ring? Vain cry! Already has the leader of the Sixth side, the champion of hare and hounds, got the ball under his arm, and who may hope to stop him? There is a sudden cessation of

motion; it is evident that the ball is in goal, but who has touched it? Ah, that is the question. "Whose ball?" pant the laggards as they run up. "Theirs," is the sullen answer in the huge host. "Ours," the thrilling response from and for the Forty. But it is a long way out, close to the path by the white gate. "Who'll kick it out?" Grave question! Awful responsibility! At last a man is found; the long line of fellows who can place are drawn up to catch; perfect silence!—the man who is to kick it out, walks in and takes up the ball quite quietly,—as if more than kingdoms did not depend on his skill! nay, to prove his coolness, he looks round and requests the opposite party to "Go in." At last he kicks—the ball is in the air—forth rush the opposing host as a wave of the sea—but even as the mad wave dashes impotently upon the gallant breakwater, so fruitlessly rush they upon that single man, who short, sturdy, smiling, has already caught, and like an imprisoned angel hugs the ball. It is caught, and well before too. Now another silence:

Who is to kick? Pass over the bashfulness, the reasonable agitation, at length the doomed man, doomed to glory or to bitter disappointment, steps forth between two anxious lines; those who could not tremble in the scrum-mage or the charge are gasping and shaking now; the enemy with eye and foot alert, prompt for the charge:—at length the following short and pithy conversation, always the forerunner of action: “Place it low,” “As low as that?” “Yes,—but, stop a minute—don’t put it down till I give the word—NOW!!!” Like a cannon ball on rushes he, and on rush the charging host;—but baffled are their attempts; too truly has the placer done his work;—the ball is high in air, and all eyes are starting from their sockets as they watch its course. “Yes—No—Yes, a goal, a decided goal,—by Jove it’s a goal.” Yes it is a goal, and there is the cry of “Over.” It were vain to attempt to follow this great contest through all its various phases; but the truth*

* Those who remember the Sixth Match begun on the 26th September, 1846, will bear witness to the accuracy of

cannot be concealed, that roused by their temporary defeat to double energy, the "All below" are truly irresistible; from the first moment when with a deafening shout they follow up their kick off, it is evident that they mean mischief; their adversaries feel that fortune will do no more for them in one afternoon, and, before the day is over, the chances of war are equalized by another goal kicked by the lately desponding party. Quarter to five o'clock: the sun is sloping down towards Bilton; spectators have been gradually thinning away, more and more are to be seen walking and conversing together, leaving the languishing battle to the zealous few; when like the dying taper, the match again blazes forth for an expiring rush, and it is in the heat of a tremendous scrummage that on the first stroke of Five is heard the solitary all-controlling call, "No side." In an instant

this account. On that occasion both sides kicked a goal in about an hour, the Sixth winning the first. The match was ultimately won by the School on the third day, October 1st.

action ceases, the mass separates, dissolves like a melting snow-ball; and while the Head of the School is "sending down" the Big-side ball, the four hundred and ninety are slowly walking towards the Big School. A different, yet hardly a less pleasing sight, is second calling over from first. The span new whites and glossy belts are well replaced by the torn and soiled garments that speak of hard and gallant conflict. How different the slow slouching walk up to the boarding house, with loosely-fitting dress, coat hurriedly thrown on, neckcloth hastily tied, from the quick light step and smart attire that were seen in the same road but two hours ago. But even now, perhaps, the best is to come. What veterans ever felt a more glowing pleasure in fighting their battles o'er again than do all, in every house that night, in discussing the events of the afternoon? It requires the bright hall fire, the cheerful meal, the luxurious deshabelle, the novel stiffness and pleasing weariness; above all the consciousness of the coming Sunday morning, and *no* first lesson,

to give zest to the animated stories of how so and so was nearly killed at the bottom of that scrummage by the Island Goal; of the magnificent try of "C—'s," which *must* have been a goal, if it had been properly placed; and many others giving honour to names which will be known and cherished for many years to come. So passed many a First Day's Match in our time; so may pass (how devoutly do we wish it!) many many more.

W. D. A. Sept. 12, 1861.





Whitehall

THE OPEN COUNTRY.

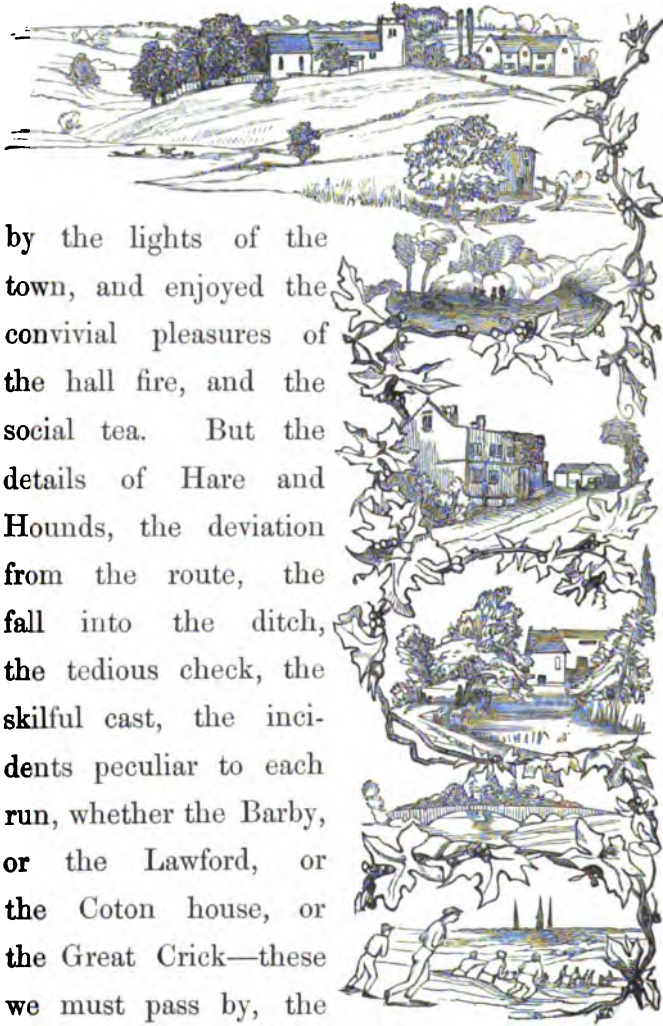
THERE is a time when Cricket languishes
and Football has not fairly set in :
there is a time when the football pas-
sion has spent itself, and some fresh excite-
ment is looked for : there is a time, at the be-
ginning of the long half-year, when frosts
and rain proscribe Cricket, and custom, not
less rigorous than frost, prohibits Football :

there is a vacuum in school-sports which nature and school-boys alike abhor: there is a demand for amusement, and Hare and Hounds furnishes the supply. Hare and Hounds! the name is quaint from its simplicity. Little children play at horses, and "Hare and Hounds" would seem to be a game of cognate childishness. Nor do the details, when related, assume any greater dignity. Two boys run over the country—these are Hares: some dozen more follow them—these are Hounds: the Hares scatter little bits of paper out of canvass bags, to indicate their route,—this is scent. There must be some cause, to have reconciled Public School-boys, generally so sensitive of ridicule, and so apprehensive of being thought young, to a nomenclature thus suggestive of the nursery. Is it that the game and its style is ancient? that for these three centuries past the Grammar School Lads have run about the country, and observed, in their several generations, the same unchanging features of nature, mingled with the ever changing works

of man? have started from the same Butlin's mound, *mutato nomine*: have watched and loved the same Warwickshire Landscapes—rejoiced at the violet, the primrose, and the palm, the signs of the Spring; admired not without emotion, though young, the grey sky, the red and brown and yellow tints, the peaceful cheerful repose of an Autumnal evening; while, as years rolled by, each succeeding troop of Hares and Hounds has been met on its way by the pack horse, the waggon, the heavy stage, the mail coach, or the express train; and has the old name of Hare and Hounds taken its origin in the days when the Fox Hounds had not supplanted Harriers, and poor puss was the great game of our Squire Westerns, and the young Westerns (kept in more strict subjection to their parents than the go-a-head youth of the nineteenth century can endure) were not ashamed to confess that their games were boyish imitations of their Fathers' manly sports? or does Hare and Hounds retain its primitive childish name with a grim humorous

sense of the manhood which the name conceals; because those concerned in so manly an exercise feel a pleasure in disguising it under a modest title, because the cynics must laugh in their sleeve at a fellow who has made the Crick run? We have, after the manner of commentators, exhausted conjecture, and still the fact remains which might have spared us our trouble—Rugbeians *do* still play at Hare and Hounds. For our own part we decline to describe a “run;” partly—shall we confess it? because we ourselves never arrived at that honourable goal of a Hound’s ambition, the “Come in,” otherwise than by a direct ignominious walking route; we have seen the Hares travel-stained, hot, but not jaded, take out their watches, and eagerly calculate how much they have gained upon their pursuers: we have seen the Hounds straggling up over distant fields, gathering themselves together, and after an arduous run of seven or eight miles settle down into a race for the come in; we have seen the conqueror in that race sink down on

the ground exhausted, with scarcely a breath left in his body, sick with fatigue, but still happy; for he knows that at Locking-up time half the School will be asking "Who came in first?" and the other half will answer "Forbes." How many times has that name been so uttered! We have seen the minor stars despairing of a first place, not thinking a third or fourth place worthy of a race, and so subsiding into a compromise, and joining hands, pant by the goal together. We have seen some gallant little fellow, out for the first time, struggle up just soon enough to save his distance, as proud (and justly so) of having come in at all at Big-side, as more tried combatants can be of their advanced position and the defeat of rivals; we have joined the rapid walk home (that fell within the humble scope of our inferior capacity), have heard the anecdotes of a sport we had not shared, without envy, but not without admiration; have seen darkness come down on the fields, have caught the approaching sounds of the distant School-bell, have been cheered



The Lawford Run.

by the lights of the town, and enjoyed the convivial pleasures of the hall fire, and the social tea. But the details of Hare and Hounds, the deviation from the route, the fall into the ditch, the tedious check, the skilful cast, the incidents peculiar to each run, whether the Barby, or the Lawford, or the Coton house, or the Great Crick—these we must pass by, the more readily because

they have been well described before, by one who had evidently the swift foot of a Hound

in his youth, and retains the warm heart of a Rugbeian in his maturer years.

"It was to be the 'Crick run' to a little village eight miles from Rugby, and passing round the village back to within a mile or two of the School, where the great 'come-in' was to take place. At three o'clock, about half the house was assembled in the Hall, in a uniform costume of white trowsers supported by a black belt, and white Jerseys, with caps of various shape, and wide-a-wakes of every hue. Coats, jackets, or any outer garment are discarded: a very fast run being anticipated from the well-known pluck of the hares. Here they come, with two long canvas bags full of torn-up paper, to strew along their way for 'scent.' They have been in deep consultation with the leader of the hounds as to the particular line of country they are to take, as in so long a run as the celebrated Crick course, we are not to be delayed by missing the scent, and not knowing which way to turn. We give them a partial cheer as they go off, and they scatter a handful of 'scent' as they jump through the Hall window, and by this manœuvre gain two minutes more for the race.

"Time is up: the leader of the hounds, who is also often a hare, and is determined to catch the hares before they arrive at the terminus, and to do the run quicker than it has ever been done before—puts up his watch, vaults through the window, and walks down to the road, to give every one time to catch him: thus all start together. He begins

quietly; a six-mile-an-hour trot brings us all together to the end of the first mile. Here the younger ones begin to pant, and the belts of all are drawn tighter; then the pace quickens, till at the end of the second mile, a few of the smaller boys are missed; while the good runners are getting what they call their 'second wind.' The third mile has rid us of all who run for the name of the thing, and who now push on at a slower pace for the 'come in.' We are now reduced to a gallant little band of ten or fifteen only, and the next five miles find us an unchanged pack, even if all the white of our accoutrements has become of every shade from red to black.

"Crick is passed, and the pace becomes more severe, while the scent is less frequent: were it not for the continual checks, no 'wind' would last out till the end. The leader and his four or five rivals are racing now, and a field or two intervenes between them and the courageous few behind.

"'Only a mile more,' the leader whispers to the school-fellow who has been neck and neck for the last ten minutes; he understands the challenge, and the pace becomes terrific: they think they are safe to be first and second, but they forget the undaunted pluck of Smyth, who is immediately behind them, and who intends to be the winner to-day.

"They reach the brow of the hill above the river; the hares are in sight. The leader's cheer, as he pulls out his watch, will give Smyth a chance for the victory: he is 'in waiting,' as jockeys say, about fifty yards behind. As for me, I am *in extremis*, and am in great doubt if I shall

ever reach that mound, now in full view, though the dusky winter's evening casts a shadow over all the country. But even if I arrive the last, the 'Crick run' in ninety minutes, would have been a feather in my cap for ever, if I had not lost it as we leapt that last brook; so we must push on valiantly.

"The two hares are lying down a few yards apart, dreadfully out of breath, with a pencil, note-book, and watch, ready to mark down the winner and the time. Smyth passes the leader at a rapid pace, and wins by two yards; and even I put on an extra spurt, and come in last but one.

"We throw ourselves on the grass, and feel as if nothing would ever rouse us again; fags are in attendance with great coats, we walk quickly home after the run we have had; so sober a pace as walking seems a rest. We burst into the Hall, where all the house are at tea, and announce in hoarse tones:—

"'The Crick run, fourteen miles in eighty minutes; beat the hares by seven minutes; Smyth first, leader second; twenty-four started, nine in,' &c. And I lean over my friend and say, 'I was only six minutes behind them, and was last but one. I am so ill, do come up and undress me.' He jumps up, and puts me to bed in no time, ejaculating as he does so, "What a fool you were to try the great Crick run!"

There is not, that we are aware of, any regular chronicle of the names of the Heroes

of Hare and Hounds; but they live or should live in unwritten records. Rugby should not forget her Giants of the Field, for they do not forget Rugby: the education of the Close and the Open Country, of Football, Cricket, and Hare and Hounds, is often not the least valuable share which a boy has had in old Lawrence Sheriffe's noble inheritance. We have heard many a soldier thank his school days for his strength and activity of limb; we have known more than one brave fellow who fought at Ferozeshah and Sobraon to declare that the three quarters holiday given at Rugby for those victories, and the share which Rugby then had borne in them, came home to him with even greater pleasure than his medal; we know one; we will mention everything but his name. Who does not remember the fair-haired light-complexioned active man, whose running feats, whether in the open field or on the gravel walks of the Close, created such marvel among his contemporaries? He has carried his Hare and Hounds into his Country's service; and as

commandant of the gallant corps of Guides has displayed an activity and courage on the wild frontier of the Punjab, the natural development of his early prowess at Crick and Brownsover.

But it needs no assurance of their utility to justify School Games. Wherever school-boys are what school-boys should be, there will their games be also. While we write these lines, they are still going on; some skilful Drop is challenging applause, and filling the heart of the "Dropper" with the thrill of praise earned from equals; some hot scrummage is taking place, in which will meets will, and the law of nature prevails, and the strongest will carries the ball through; some youngster of fourteen is toiling along at Hare and Hounds, almost dead beat, doubting whether he shall give in or persevere a mile or two more, and at last resolving not to yield, bearing the agony and gathering the strong fruits of "Pluck." And so the old English education goes on, and at last the lesson of strength is learnt; and faintness of heart is

put to shame, and the old Public School system furnishes good answer to its traducers, working not only in the Library, but in the Close; sending out its trained representatives not only to the Schools of Oxford or the competing lists of the Indian Civil Service, but with no less profit to the Country and honour to itself, to the Heights of the Alma and the Trenches of Sebastopol.



Swifts.



The Close from the School House.

THE CLOSE.



IN one of the most wretched places on the face of the earth, at Suez on the dull sandy banks of the hot Red Sea, in the most miserable of hotels, waiting for the "Oriental," to bear him to Calcutta, which ill-starred ship is struggling against the Monsoon many hundred miles away in the Arabian Sea,

a Rugbeian may well solace himself by resting his mental eye on the green Close of his old School: he may turn from the masts of the Egyptian boats to the noble proportions of the Rugby elms: he may close his ears to a din of English, Hindostanee, and Arabic, and hear instead the cheerful voices of his School fellows; whether it be the shout of "Thank you, you fellow" at Football, or "Trouble you for that ball" at Cricket, or, that rarer, more gasping, yet triumphant accent, which proclaims that the Crick run has been done in five minutes less time than it was last year. Let then the pleasant days return; let it be, not the hot October of the Egyptian Desert, but the early May Summer of Warwickshire, that much abused county, yet not all to be abused, with its rich swelling pastures, its substantial farms, its noble hedges, sometimes its deep and shady lanes; the County of Guy's Cliff and Kenilworth; the County of Combe and Coventry—with its Dunchurch Avenue, its Brinklow Tumulus, its Newnham Wood, with Shakspeare's Stratford,

with Addison's Bilton, shall we not say with Lawrence Sheriffe's Brownsover,—Lawrence Sheriffe, that brave old Midland worthy? Let us see that old familiar range of white brick building, (possessed of this architectural grace—if of no other—an air of quiet and repose worthy of its academic character,) resting under the shadow of the elms, while the green meadow is looking fresh, for Summer is not far advanced, and men and boys and wickets have as yet made but few assaults; and every blade of grass on the Big-side ground is twinkling, as the dew of the early morning is lighted by the sun which peers through the trees on the Island; some sheep are nibbling the turf, not driven to their adjoining feeding ground; First Lesson is not over; the Close is at peace. But the Lower Fifth do not go in to Second Lesson till eleven, because * * * * is to hear the Sixth; and and Brown, Jones, and Robinson (for the illustrious trio are at Rugby—Eton too claims them, and Winchester and Harrow do not disown the illustrious scions) have agreed to

have an "End" at ten. Brown proposed it as they came up together from first lesson, and Jones assented, and while they both looked for the adhesion of Robinson, that cunning youth outwitted them, and called "First!" Then Jones shouts "Second!" and Brown, the enterprising originator of the End, is obliged to be Third, and can only solace himself with the reflection that he will bowl first. Few boys can be happier than those three from ten to eleven. They enjoy Cricket,—they enjoy it more because they are playing at an abnormal hour, and the other fellows are in School: they can choose the best piece of ground, they have plenty of room: Robinson has no lookers on to embarrass him in those portentous efforts of his to bowl round: only Brown checks him,—Brown, who being back-stop, objects to follow the erratic course of Robinson's swift, well-delivered, but deviating balls, now tending to the Island, now rushing down a favouring slope towards the Bath. But Robinson perseveres; for, as he justly observes, how is he ever to bowl

straight, if he does not begin by bowling crooked?—reasoning which, however, does not satisfy Brown, nor yet Jones, who calls to him in earnest tones “to send him one decent sort of ball, which a fellow can get a swipe at!” Eleven o’clock strikes, and poor Brown finds himself the victim of Robinson’s perseverance, for there was no chance of Jones being got out with that bowling; the stumps are drawn, the jackets are put on, the book taken up; may Fate deal more kindly with poor Brown at Second Lesson than she did at his “End!” Second Lesson for the Lower Fifth, but emancipation for the School; and Form after Form pours out; and on every available piece of ground wickets are pitched, and a hundred Ends are going on, from that scientific one across the corner of Big-side, where four or five of the Eleven are bowling, and four or five more of the Eleven “taking a ball” one after another, or that dignified one, where some half-dozen Fags are engaged in ministering to the wants of those two magnificent Præpostors, who never were and never

will be Cricketers, down to the modest little "End," away by the white gate, where three new boys are enjoying their escape from fagging, and their release from Tutor, and with broken stumps, two bits of stick for bails, a ball, the sewing of which projects all round the seam, and a ponderous bat, which the smallest boy of the three can scarcely wield, but which he would perish rather than resign, all giving themselves their first dearly prized lessons in the noble game of Cricket. There is a match after dinner, beginning at half-past two. It is hard to describe a Cricket Match, which both old Rugbeians and those of to-day shall recognize, as the match with which they are familiar. For our own part, we hardly know whether we should be allowed to speak of a Cricket Match as it is now. It is such a terribly grand affair. Those Professionals from Lords, that elaborate Pavilion by the Island, frighten us; besides, we are behind the age: we know nothing of leg-byes; we recollect a time when "point" was called "tip" (conceive a modern Head of the

Eleven being asked to go "cover tip!") we used to be fagged to "cut on;" (youthful cricketers of 1855, that means to score); we must leave the complicated technicalities of modern Cricket to the reports which present cricketers appear so fond of furnishing to a certain weekly newspaper; we cannot undertake to say what a Cricket Match *is*. That it is something very grand and scientific we believe, that it produces really good cricketers, the triumph of 1855 against Mary-le-bone and Marlborough prove; but for our own part our eyes are closed, we cannot see it. But we know what a Cricket Match at Rugby *was*; a cheerful sport, a truly manly game, and, if an old grumbler may say so, none the worse because it was simple, and we had no Pavilion to sit in, and no Professionals to stand umpire. We had no Pavilion, but who does not remember that cheerful ring clustered on the bank which formed the boundary of Big-side: there we used to be observing, admiring, criticising: some oracle of the Eleven was there, who would make a passing ob-

servation, which some aspiring disciple would hear and mark, and as the way of the world is, retail as his own in the Hall of his House at tea-time: the Griffiths and the Sampsons were there, whose well-stored baskets beguiled the tedium of a maiden "over;" the list for Calling Over was made out, including the players, the umpires, and the "cutters on," and brought to the Head Sixth Fellow present, who signed it with an air of conscious dignity, and looked for some safe hand to "take it in;" and as for Professionals, we had no occupation for them; a youngster was glad to be fagged to score; it was a post of honour, it got him off Calling Over, and saved him from all other impressment, and as for umpires, the decision of a boy in the Shell was as final as that of the ablest and most expensive nominee of the Mary-le-bone Club. Many phases of Cricket has that Big-side ground witnessed; there were the old hard-hitting days, when bowling was straight and underhand, and a player who got his eye in never let himself be got out. With these

days we dimly associate the names of Poole and Machin. There was the epoch of round bowling: its struggling birth: the wonder of all at its quaint eccentricities: the opposition of many to the revolution which it was too obviously destined to work in the nature of Cricket. There was the monstrous but transitory apparition of the Catapult; and since has followed the still developing era of swift round bowling, with all its manifold paraphernalia of newspaper reports, Pads, Pavilions, and Professionals.

The Match is over, but schoolboy energies are not yet subdued; the long summer evening is the time for House Matches, for "Little Side," for "Pie Matches"—games of less dignity than that great Match of the afternoon, but inspiring no less interest in the players. How dearly does little Smith, just twelve years old, cherish the memory of that hit for three which his bat made for him, he scarcely knows how; with what a swelling heart does young Williams record in his next home letter the fact that he has

taken the wicket of the redoubtable Thompson ! Locking-up bell rings; the "Little Sides" and Pie Matches are adjourned; the twinkling Ends fade away; the sound of the striking bat echoes from a distant corner of the Close, where some determined players are still availing themselves of the few remaining minutes of twilight and liberty; by a scarcely perceptible process, like stars disappearing from the sky, the busy occupants of the Close gradually melt away; the clock strikes; some two or three forms are seen hurrying away, conscious that they have already lingered too long; the sheep emerge once more upon the deserted pastures, and busily and silently perform their task of keeping down the springing turf; the eye, no longer diverted by the groups of living, active, shouting, enjoying human beings, rests with contentment on the tranquil elms, on the School Buildings, on the Chapel; the great Institution of Lawrence Sheriffe absorbs the whole landscape, the visible sign of a little world. But the silence is disturbed by a long melancholy whistle, as

a train on the London and North Western Railway leaves the Rugby Station, and pursues its way to the manufacturing North. There is the great world, and the spell is broken. Into that great world the waves of this little world must flow; those ardent Cricketers, who so lately filled this great field with life, must be borne by that Railway to other scenes than the Close, to other struggles than a Pie Match, to every corner of England, and to many corners far away from England, but the moral of the Close is this, that they will be Rugbeians still. There is a window now in the School Chapel, which testifies it.* They will not forget their old School; some of those may sit here—nay certainly some will sit here—in this bleak square house at Suez, looking out upon the red gritty cliffs, and the blue rippling waters of the Red Sea, and

* This window was given by Old Rugbeians in India, in 1852, and bears the Inscription, on a tablet of brass beneath it,

“HANC FENESTRAM RUGBEIENSES APUD INDOS ORIENTALES
COMMORANTES SUORUM HAUD OBLITI P.C. M.DCCC.LII.”

C C

these will not be unwilling to return, as we have done, to the pleasant lines which fell to them in youth; to wander in spirit from the desolateness of Egypt to the familiar beauty of the old Close at Rugby.

W. D. A. Oct. 11th. 1865.

William D. A. Oct. 11th. 1865.

CHAPTER VI.

L'ENVOI.

THE WISDOM * * * TO KEEP THE MEAN BETWEEN THE
TWO EXTREMES, OF TOO MUCH STIFFNESS IN REFUSING, AND
OF TOO MUCH EASINESS IN ADMITTING ANY VARIATION.
—*The Book of Common Prayer.*



A Study in the School House.

L'ENVOI.

ANY view of Education must be defective, which does not regard it as extending to the whole nature of those who are the subjects of it. The first element of this nature, which presents itself for consideration, is the body. It is the body which challenges the earliest care,—nay, whose nurture and development wholly engrosses the solicitude of parents in the few

first years of life. And though at a later period the higher faculties, which then unfold themselves, demand in right of their superiority, even a more anxious culture,—still the healthfulness of the body is an object of no slight importance throughout life. Man's physical and intellectual nature are so closely intertwined,—their fibres are twisted so inextricably together,—that the *mens sana* cannot be without the *corpus sanum*. The Greeks knew this better than ourselves, or at all events recognised it more in their practice : for with them, as is well known, Gymnastics formed an essential branch of Education. The comparatively feeble testimony which our Modern Educational Institutions bear to this truth, is to be found in the fact, that every school has its play-ground. In *English* Public Schools, this play-ground is not usually devoted to Gymnastics in the limited signification of the term. It is the scene of games rather than of exercises. And we think that in this circumstance there is something peculiarly English,—a trait of our nationality, which

manifests itself in all parts of our social system alike, great and small. The English character is essentially practical: there is inherent in it a profound aversion to mere theory;—"we cling," as it has been well observed,* "*to the useful, the actual*, that which "answers a definite purpose." Accordingly, what our Boys care for is to be *practically* successful in pursuits of an athletic character, to win the game at Cricket or at Football, to be good batters, good bowlers, to run well, or ride† well, or shoot well. So long as

* Dr. L. Wiese's Letters on English Education: Translated by W. D. Arnold. (Longman, Brown, and Longmans. 1854.)

† It is perhaps to be regretted that to none of our Public Schools a Riding School is attached, as part of the Institution,—where Boys might be taught the manly and graceful art (so peculiarly characteristic of the English Gentleman) of managing the horse. At the same time it may be greatly questioned, from the general character of English Boys, how far the scientific teaching of such a subject would (after the first novelty of the thing had worn off) attract them. We should fear that the fate of a Riding School would be similar to the fate of a Gymnasium

the results are good, they care little for the method in which they are arrived at; the mere flexibility of the limbs, the endurance of stress by the muscles, and the general agility of the frame, independently of the achievements to which these things lead, have few attractions in their eyes. "So long as I can bowl him out, or beat him at a sculling match, or clear a broader ditch,—what matters it whether I can twist my body into more serpentine and fantastic convolutions than he?" Some such words would, we conceive, express the true feeling of an English Boy, when contemplating the gymnastic attainments of a German Scholar.

—that the dislike of the merely scientific would prevail, and that where a Boy heartily cultivated riding, it would be at home, in the form of a gallop over the down, or a leap over the fence, with a disregard of technical rules. Here again we apprehend that the prevailing feeling of an English Boy would be—"So long as I can stick to the horse while he plunges or jumps, what matters it whether I do so by rule? and in order to learn this, I prefer riding across the fields to winding interminably round a sanded arena."

And it cannot be denied that there is in such a feeling a practical good sense, although no doubt we are prejudiced in its favour, from the circumstance of its having its foundation in our common nationality. Upon this topic however we shall not dwell any longer, as it has already received ample illustration in the Chapter devoted to the Games of the School. We need only say that in the reminiscences and affections of all Old Rugbeians, the School Close with its magnificent old elms and park-like general appearance, holds a prominent place — and that to many such, every gap, ditch, and fence in the country round about is familiarly known as the scene of some feat of agility, either performed or witnessed by themselves, or handed down by old School Tradition (with no loss of its original marvellousness) to remote posterity.

The second element of our Nature, which a complete Education should develope and cultivate, is the Soul,—limiting that term to the Affections, and not making it coextensive,

as it is in popular parlance, with the immortal part of man. This is a point which has perhaps received too little systematic attention, if indeed anything systematic could be done in such a matter. The Boy has been cast haphazard upon the little world of School, and left to choose his associates as fancy or instinct may predispose him, or as accident may throw them in his way. That the influence in question is a very strong one in the formation of character may be gathered from certain notorious facts, as well as from the popular saying that the acquaintances made at School are fully as important as the knowledge gained there. Friendships of the most romantic character are not unfrequently formed at our Schools,—almost resembling the feeling which, at a later period of life, subsists between the sexes. In all Public Schools moreover, is to be found an esprit-de-corps, ensuring a certain warmth of feeling in after life between their members, however little drawn together by similarity of pursuits or natural instincts.

We should like to know what may be the bearings upon this point of the Study System, as carried out at Rugby School. But first we must explain to our readers a term which may not be familiar to all of them. And in doing so, we shall have to plead guilty to an inconsistency of practice in Rugby School, which is not perhaps as unimportant as might at first sight appear. In all the Boarding Houses, the Boys sleep in Dormitories, containing (on an average) about ten or twelve inmates. Order is secured, and wrong conversation prevented, in these Dormitories, by placing at the head of them a Præpostor or senior Boy, who is responsible for their management to the Master. This practice is universal in all the Boarding Houses. During the day, the preparation of Lessons, or the reading for Examinations, goes on in Studies,—small cabins, (one of which our Artist has sketched for us at the head of this Chapter), only large enough to contain a bookshelf, a table, a small sofa, or arm chair, with (at the most) two inhabitants. At most of the

Boarding Houses two inmates (if the House has its proper complement) are quartered in each Study,—at the School House (and we believe at one or two others) only one. This variety of practice, slight as it may appear, seems to us to involve some difference of principle—nor is it easy to decide in favour of one or the other system. For the single study there is of course much to be said,—much, which lies on the surface of the subject. It is a place of perfect privacy, where the Boy may be alone when he wishes it. If we consider that entire seclusion is enjoined upon us for the highest of all purposes, we shall be disposed to rate this advantage very highly. Quiet is favourable (if not absolutely essential) to reading—and we feel that the single study, as ensuring a fair degree of quiet, has often operated beneficially upon diligence in work. Again, cases no doubt occur, in which a Boy escapes from the petty persecutions (which will always occasionally break out in the free system of English Public Schools—abhorrent as it is of espionage) by retiring

to his study. Still we are far from saying that other and more social arrangements have not their advantages. Possibly, in the case of minds naturally disposed to reflection and solitude, the single study isolates too much the Boy from his companions. We strongly incline to the opinion that a boy should be a boy, and not a philosopher, throwing himself into society with glee and merriment, and that premature isolation, before the character had formed, might check its free and natural growth. School is a little world, and it is designed to fit men for converse with the great world, and not for the reveries and studies of the recluse. And when we contemplate the mere possibility (furnished by the single study System) of a Boy, in the higher part of the School, secluding himself for considerable periods of time from his associates,—we feel some few scruples about a system, whose positive good points nevertheless preponderate in our minds over its possible disadvantages. Shutting a boy up (we do not apply the remark to young men at College, whose

character is in a further stage of development) is rather like placing a strain upon nature,—and such a strain is not often attended with healthy results.

Again, it must be remembered that the business of English Public Schools is to supply the country with well-educated men of the national type. We are not students in England. Great Englishmen (generally speaking) are great in some department of practical life, great in statesmanship, jurisprudence, or war. Their nature is abhorrent of the Study. With the Germans it is otherwise. There are among them a class of men who live for nothing but speculation. The student-life has an independent and recognised position of its own, which it scarcely has among ourselves; for our men of literature and speculation (few and far between) are to be found in the cloisters of our Cathedrals and Colleges, wearing the trencher of the Academic, or the shovel hat of the dignified Clergyman, or at least having some social status, beyond that which

the mere pursuit of Literature confers. It does not fall within our province to criticise the merits or demerits of our national character. In educating, we have to take it as we find it, to bear in mind what its tendencies are, and not to force it out of that mould in which it naturally takes shape. It would be palpably absurd to attempt to make a German student of a boy destined to move in English Society—and we think accordingly that any arrangement, which has a tendency to throw the young mind too much back upon itself and its own resources, is fairly open to question as to whether its advantages or disadvantages preponderate. At all events there is much to be said in favour of the double-study system. If the two associates are well-chosen, a link of amity is soon formed between them. If one is junior, he becomes more or less dependent upon the other for protection and for help in his work, and the tie, we believe, is as advantageous to him who lends help, as to him who receives it. If the two are of

equal standing, the fellow-feeling engendered between them does not die with their School career.

Possibly, too, this double-study system, or some similar plan, may be the happy mean between the two extreme courses of isolating the Boy altogether in his studies, or of causing those studies to be carried on in publicity. At Winchester, we believe, this latter method is pursued. The lessons are not only said, but prepared also, in public. Nor is this arrangement without considerable advantages. Of one of these advantages the writer is deeply convinced by the experience of a contrary system. A certain amount of noise (kept under, it is true, by the patrolling of the Prefects) is a necessary condition of all Forms receiving instruction in one and the same room, and at one and the same time. This noise has to be overcome by the Boy construing, if the Master is to hear. A low and confused recitation (the common vice of School Boys) is at once checked by the demand, Louder! Speak out! until the enunciation of the student is raised

to the required pitch of distinctness. Whereas, if each Form has a school to itself, the Master, being able to hear with facility, grows careless about the enforcement of distinct enunciation. We have heard the good scholarship of Winchester Boys attributed, and we think not without cause, to this enforcement. If a Boy is allowed to speak confusedly, and without clear articulation, he may slur over false renderings and false quantities without attracting notice. Those who have to address a deaf person through a speaking trumpet, become ashamed of uttering loudly the frivolous observations which pass current in society, when couched in a lower tone. And, on a similar principle, a Boy is ashamed of making a plausible guess, or hazarding a conjectural "construe," if it has to be proclaimed in the voice of a Stentor. Hence one of two alternatives: he either knows his lesson, and construes it confidently, and therefore loudly,—or by silence he confesses his ignorance, without striving to palliate it—the next best course to knowledge. If on the other hand he is

conscious that a blunder may pass muster from the Master's not overhearing it, he will venture upon a conjecture, and such ventures frequently repeated engender a habit of verbal inaccuracy. Verbal inaccuracy (like the arrows of the Parthians) shoots backward, and produces mental inaccuracy. Against such a habit it is, we apprehend, the main business of a good teacher to watch and contend, and a double reason for such watchfulness exists in Schools where, as at Rugby (in the Upper Forms) the practice of construing without taking the words is adopted. This practice (the reading off first the original, and then the translation of the passage to be construed, without encumbering the last by a repetition of each Greek or Latin word before its English equivalent) though indisputably a fine exercise of the mind, and essential to an idiomatic rendering—may easily, without close attention on the part of the Master, degenerate into a slovenly and unscholarlike method of translation. The clever Boy catches up a rapid general apprehension of the Author's meaning,

without caring to understand precisely how it is elicited from the words: if he has a gift of fluency, he passes it off in a plausible and showy manner, and if to this is added the possibility of lowering his tone, and making his utterance thick and indistinct where he feels less sure of the sense, there is really no limit to the superficiality which may pass muster under such a system, when the Master's whole faculties are not strung up to listening. But there is doubtless another valuable habit of mind which is encouraged by the Wintonian (as contrasted with the Rugbeian) system, and which ought in candour to be mentioned. The preparation of Lessons by all Boys in one and the same School must no doubt give the habit of concentrating the attention, where there is much to call it off. It is scarcely possible to estimate this habit too highly. It is one which eminently qualifies for that practical life, in which the Englishman is to move. It conduces to that presence of mind, which communicates such strength in the hour of danger and excitement, which is one

main element in the courage of the captain on the battle-field, and in the farsightedness of the statesman, while the storms of faction heave and swell around him. Education has done but little for us, if it has not imparted the power of collecting our scattered thoughts like rays in a burning glass, and concentrating them in one focus. "The eyes of a fool" says the Wise Man, "are in the ends of the earth." This bodily characteristic is merely the symptom of the mental dissipation, which characterises the "fool" or uncultivated person. With the very first rudiments of mental cultivation, comes in the power of calling in the faculties, and bringing them to bear on one subject. One of the great ends of Education (considered as a discipline) is achieved, if it has achieved the power of concentrating the mind amid distractions. Nor is it an intellectual value only, which we attach to this habit. Self-collectedness and composure amid hurry and pressure of business is a valuable feature of moral and religious character. To realise the Majesty of the Presence of God in

the midst of the agitations of daily life, is one of the great problems, which we are called as Christians to solve in our daily practice. And though we are well aware that it cannot be solved except under a higher influence than that of mere habit,—yet, as God, in the operations of His Grace, does not cancel or dispense with the ordinary moral structure of man, the habit we speak of may surely be made subsidiary to that influence.

We have wandered,—not indeed from the subject of our Chapter, for that is the system of Education pursued at Rugby School, but from that branch of it, which we are at present pursuing. We return to it by proposing for consideration this question,—how far the administering instruction, where practicable, in one Room, and still more the harbouring all Scholars under one roof, may tend to promote unity of feeling? One necessary condition of this arrangement is that the School shall be limited in its numbers. To carry out such a system at Eton, Harrow, or Rugby, would be a physical impossibility. And we feel that upon

all Public Schools the Nation has a claim,—that, in virtue of their being public places of Education, they have scarcely a right to restrict their numbers, or refuse admission to as many duly qualified scholars as are offered. Yet it may be questioned whether the real unity of a Public School is compatible with very extended limits. The theoretical perfection of a Public School bears probably much the same relation to its actual size, as the ancient Greek notions of a state bear to a modern nation. In the Body Politic, as viewed by the ancients, each citizen had his own function, which none could fulfil so well as he, and was essential to the completeness and harmonious working of the system. This theory cannot stand, unless the State has prescribed limits, and there be some means of getting rid of accumulating population, when it overflows those limits. Organization falls to the ground, when the body which it is proposed to organize swells to such a size as to become unwieldy. No one mind can really pervade and animate the whole, if the

whole is to expand without restriction. Hence it is that patriotism is, in modern nations, comparatively a powerless principle. The Government of a nation may indeed be called its centre of unity, but it is not a centre of unity which sends any living influence through the masses. Thousands and hundreds of thousands never think of the Government; it never presents itself to them in any tangible shape, unless by crime they cross the path of its executive branch. Hundreds of thousands who live within sight of the Government and within hearing of its proceedings, are either themselves mere ciphers in its operation, or, if they have the franchise, can exercise it in so fractional a degree that their single influence counts for nothing. Hence patriotism, which formerly meant attachment to the state, now signifies nothing more than prejudice in favour of the national character. It becomes self-worship in a disguised form. As Englishmen, we like our own exclusiveness, our stiffness of manner, our bluff sincerity, our absence of parade — we

prefer these to their opposites, as seen among foreigners. But any sympathy with the nation as the nation—any throwing into our national relationship that esprit-de-corps, which for ever manifests itself in smaller combinations within the great national circle—this is put out of the question by circumstances.

Now there is something on a diminutive scale very analogous to this in the case of our greater Public Schools. Their size usually renders impossible the accommodation or tuition of the pupils under one roof. Hence they are constantly open to the action of a disintegrating tendency, which, if allowed full operation, would break them up gradually into a number of Private Schools. There are in all of them (as at Rugby) several Boarding Houses, each having a feeling of rivalry with the others, and generally (though by no means always) including within itself its circles of intimacies and friendships. The Tutor at the head of each minor Boarding House (Dame's houses have long since ceased at Rugby—and from certain juvenile reminiscences we cannot

but think this arrangement wise) is regarded, as the Patronus of the Boys under his roof, their example in scholarship and tone of thought, their advocate in trouble. This feeling, commendable in itself and to be encouraged, yet, if pushed to any great length, isolates the Boy from those under the charge of another Tutor. The Boarding House becomes a school within a School. Of course there are correctives to this tendency, more or less strong as each master possesses more or less the gift of influence. It happens comparatively seldom, and then not for any long period of time, that a Boy's Tutor is also the Master of his Form. The Master of the Form it is who gives the regular School instruction, and assigns a value to the Boy's lessons and exercises; and hence is brought to bear upon him an influence independent of that of his Tutor, and which connects him immediately with the wider circle of the School. The periodical examination of each Form by the Headmaster, is another circumstance which, where it is adopted, (as it is at Rugby) has a

tendency to hold together the School, and to realise the theory of its being one body. In some Schools it is neglected,—and the consequence is, that the real advancement of the great body of the School never comes before the person, who is chiefly responsible for it to the Governors. The Headmaster ceases to be the general Superintendent, and lapses into the teacher of the Sixth Form. In large Schools, this superintendence can be at best but superficially exercised. Far better however, we say, that it should be done even superficially, than not exercised at all. The Headmaster should be the centre of unity of the School, representing and impersonating the Law of the little body politic, and the occasional sight of him in the various Forms will be far from useless, if it do but impress the notion of unity of system.

This unity of system we do not advocate simply on theoretical grounds. We think that unity of feeling—*love for the School as the School*—is more or less connected with unity of system, and that as wide a circle as

possible should be given in early life to a Boy's sympathies and affections. The Boarding House contains a comparatively small set, and evil may for a time predominate there, and give the tone to the society; in the larger sphere of the School there is a greater choice of associates, and a fainter likelihood that evil would be generally countenanced. But this is not all the advantage of breathing the more open atmosphere. It is, we think, a great point in Public School Education that boys should be attached by it (and they are most susceptible of such attachment) to the ideas of Law, Order, System, Organization, as distinct from any individual through whom, as the executive power, these things are carried out. At a Private School, the Master may legitimately be every thing—his private views, and peculiarities of character, may command the homage of his pupils. Public Schools should claim a reverence and love as Institutions, independently of the men to whom their interests have been entrusted for a time. Their discipline should be the pupil's initiation

into the high and ennobling idea of Law. We protest, with all the energy which we may, against their being thought to be the schools of Dr. ———, or Mr. ———: they are based upon Foundations, distinct from their present administration, and rightfully claim no other than a local designation,—Eton School, Harrow School, Rugby School. And the attachment to them as such, is likely to be fostered by any arrangement, which brings forward the system, even though it throws into the shade its present administrators.

We have now arrived at the third and highest element of Human Nature, with which Education professes to deal—the Spirit of Man. Under this term we embrace all those faculties, which distinguish the Human Race from the Brute Creation—the purely Intellectual,—the Political,—and the Devotional.

To the cultivation of the first of these, the term Education is usually but erroneously limited. When we speak of a Boy receiving his Education at such and such a School, we mean by the term Education little else than

mental culture. Let us review briefly the method of this mental culture.

Its principal instruments in all our Public Schools have been Latin and Greek, to which in recent times has been added the study of Mathematics.

We believe that these studies must always supply the basis of a sound Education, and that no other subjects are so well suited for the purpose. Let it be remembered what Education (according to the limited view of it upon which we are now entering) is—that it is the discipline of the mental powers preparatory to their exercise in the field of life. The discipline of powers—not the furniture with weapons. It is the training in the gymnastic ground,—the stringing up of the muscles and sinews—not the actual handling of the sword and the bow. To inform the mind is one thing—to instruct it by development of its faculties, to give it the habits of Abstraction, Attention, Retention, to enable it to concentrate its thoughts on a given point, is quite another, and a more essential

and fundamental, work. Information without previous instruction resembles food without the organ of digestion—there is nothing to receive, to appropriate, to transmute it into mental nourishment. Now for the conveyance of this instruction we believe there is no such instrument as the study of the Dead Languages. Their excellence as instruments consists partly in the labour and difficulty which the pursuit of them involves. They cannot be pursued by a boy or a man sitting dreamily in an arm-chair with his legs upon the fender. Constant recourse must be had to Grammars, Dictionaries, books of reference. The student must be a student in earnest, not a dilettante. Only hard earnest work can master aorists and subjunctive moods,—they do not admit of being lightly skimmed, and having the cream of knowledge taken off them with easy hand. They must be grappled with, or not touched. We must know them thoroughly, or be content to be wholly ignorant. Let it not be supposed, however, that this is the whole of the apology which can

be offered for the study of the Classics. We do not desire to degrade those noble languages, by representing them as a mere useless labour machine. While the pursuit of them does no doubt involve labour, and that of the severest kind, it at the same time brings a man acquainted with the most perfect models of Literature—with the purest and severest types of the Poetic, Historic, and Oratorical arts. It is not denied that some Modern Writers may have excelled some of the Ancients in Poetic, Historical, or Oratorical Power. Shakspeare has probably no equal as regards the dramatic gift; the orations of Burke may fairly claim to do more than rival those of Cicero; Campbell and Gray wrote lyrics more spirit-stirring than those of Tyrtæus and Pindar; and in powers of criticism and acute investigation Niebuhr must always stand alone. *But in order to form a pure taste, we must have recurrence to a perfect type.* We must choose a regularly formed mould, which has no eccentricities of shape. A poem of more brilliant genius, encumbered with luxuri-
ances of

style, is not so good a mould for developing a poetic taste as a piece of less imaginative power, whose every expression is chiselled, and every redundancy curtailed. And the ancients present the type in greater purity and simplicity than the moderns. Who, but he that has read Æschylus, has an adequate idea of the severe statuesque dignity of Tragedy? Shakspeare was a far greater genius than Æschylus: his resources and his versatility in employing them were larger; he had more knowledge of human life and a far keener insight into human character than the Greek Tragedian; but where in Shakspeare does the majestic conception of Tragedy as a whole rise clear upon the mind, as in the Agamemnon or the Eumenides? There are highly tragic passages in modern dramatists,—“*purpurei panni*” which may figure well in Books of “Beauties;”—but where will you find in them one whole Tragedy perfectly realising the ideal,—the separate scenes and speeches all carefully subordinated to the main action of the piece, and elaborating, stroke after

stroke, one great effect? The same may be said of Comedy. Where but in Aristophanes will you find the great idea of Comedy—fun run wild? Modern comedies present a truer picture of human life, having serious passages mingled with, and relieving, the lighter, but the old Greek humourist presents in broad vivid colours the ideal of Comedy—the unrestrained nonsense pouring itself out upon all subjects, and considering all characters fair game; yet not without a moral strongly insinuated, if not expressed—not without an under-current of reference throughout to that maxim—*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*

. We may apply the same remarks to the Historic and Oratorical arts. Modern Historians and Orators fail to realise the ideal of their arts equally with those of old. The Historians diverge into comments, and make their narrative the medium of expressing their political views. The Orators lose themselves in gorgeous declamation, instead of subordinating all their fervour to the pleading of their cause, or the exhibition of the subject of

their panegyric. Generally, the several species of Literature are draped among the moderns, unveiled among the ancients. In the former we see the lineaments but dimly, we trace the anatomy of the frame but imperfectly, through the envelope of the raiment. In the latter, the exhibition is a naked one. We can discern the proportion and harmony of the limbs, can trace their development, and can observe how the body is one, knit together in its several parts by unity of design. Now if we were giving instruction in the drawing of human figures, we should begin by proposing to the pupil models of the undraped form, although as a fact it is never seen undraped. And similarly when communicating to the mind its first notions of the several species of Literature, we choose specimens which exhibit most purely the idea of the species, unencumbered with the adventitious raiment with which it has been subsequently clothed.

But possibly some of our Readers have a feeling that so much time as is in our

Public Schools devoted to *Language* is a loss of labour—that it were better to impart a knowledge of facts, either the facts of Nature, or those of History. We have just shown that Language furnishes a key to the purest types of the various kinds of Literature. There is no other way of getting at the type but by the application of the key; for we need not say that the best translations are but a sorry and inadequate representation of the original. But after all, we must in candour admit that at Rugby, as at other Public Schools, a vast proportion of the pupil's time is spent on gaining an acquaintance with the structure of the ancient languages, independently of their literature. We admit this, and we are fully prepared to justify it. We would say in the first place that the operations of the human mind can hardly anywhere be so satisfactorily studied as in the structure of Language. Those operations are mirrored in words. We know few things so really interesting (as a key to processes of thought) as a good derivation—the tracing of the stepping-stones, by which a term

comes at last to have a meaning very different from that, to which its etymology points. In exacting from the pupil such a derivation, we are really causing him to pursue the study of mind, and not of empty words. Moreover the structure of the ancient languages, as contrasted with that of the modern, gives us in many instances the key to their way of viewing things, and lets us into the secret of their minds.

But we feel that here we may take other ground. Language is generally conceived of as the mere clothing of an idea—that which stands to an idea in the same relation in which raiment stands to the body. The body may be divested of raiment without suffering injury; and accordingly it is supposed that an idea may be without detriment stripped of the words which clothe it, and dressed in other words. One of Pascal's thoughts lends some countenance to this view. He adduces it as an instance of the vanity of human nature, that a lofty idea, if taken out of lofty, and couched in low language, loses

its dignity in our apprehensions. And if language be simply dress, the argument no doubt is valid. But is it simply dress? Is not the connexion between the word and the idea more close than that between raiment and the body? Is not the connexion rather that which subsists between the body and the soul—a connexion of mutual influence and interdependence? It is impossible to injure the body materially without affecting the soul, and weakening its powers. Sickness notoriously enfeebles the mind. The body is an actual part of our nature, not (like raiment) something adscititious; and the elements of which our nature is compounded are so intertwined, that one cannot suffer without detriment to the other. We are convinced that a similar relation exists between the Word and the Idea. Strike at a well chosen word, or series of words, and you weaken the idea which they convey. Alter the words—and you will find that you have not altered them without affecting the idea. The truth is, that *to couch exactly the same idea in different words is an impossi-*

bility. No two words convey precisely the same ideas. Men are more rich in ideas than in words; and therefore there is in words no superfluity—each one has its fine shade of significance, which distinguishes it from others of the same general meaning. In teaching words, then,—in exhibiting their fitness and propriety,—you are in fact giving lessons in the discrimination of ideas—you are rendering the mind subtle, refining it from its native grossness, opening the windows of its apprehension. You may be conveying no fact: but you are rendering the perceptions acute, and cultivating the taste.

There is however one crowning reason for bestowing so large a portion of time and attention on the cultivation of Ancient Language—a reason which will approve itself to every right mind. God has made his Revelation through the medium of Ancient Language. The Hebrew and Greek tongues are the vehicles of Inspiration—the chosen media through which the Most High unfolds his counsels for the restoration of a fallen race.

It is of course fully conceded that for all practical purposes—for all knowledge essential to salvation—translations, and especially that of the Authorised Version, are abundantly sufficient. But it is one thing to say that all essential knowledge may be gathered from a translation—another, to pronounce a man thoroughly educated, who is unable to read even the New Testament in the original. Is a person thoroughly educated, to whom God's Literature is a sealed book, except through another's interpretation of it? The province of an educated man is Literature. If, therefore, any one lacks the key to the highest, and some of the oldest, literature in the world, shall we call him thoroughly educated, whatever other knowledge he may possess? And perhaps this is a justification of more than the mere study of the Greek and Hebrew languages. Those languages cannot well be assaulted without a preliminary knowledge of Latin. Moreover, all languages are more or less strung together, so that he who is gaining the rudiments of one may be regarded as entering that

vast field of Language, in one department of which God has revealed Himself. Nor is it to be lost out of sight, as imparting an additional consecration to the Study of Language, that at the opening of the New Economy, its agents were qualified by the gift of tongues, "so that among men out of every nation under heaven, every man heard them speak in his own tongue wherein he was born." If there are certain departments of study which the Father of all Lights has specially sanctified, is not Language one of them?

And this train of thought leads us to the subject of Mathematics, which are now studied at Rugby as an integral and essential part of the education there given. The habits of mental accuracy and close reasoning imparted by the study of pure Mathematics are too familiar to all, and have been too often treated of, to require further discussion. But we wish now to call attention to the high ground upon which this study rests. Next in dignity to the knowledge of the Word of God is the

knowledge of His Works—those Works, in which He has revealed His Wisdom and His Benevolence. Nature in all her departments bears the impress of the Hand of the Most High, and accordingly Natural Philosophy must ever take a high rank among the subjects of Study. It is a pursuit which stirs at every step wonder and adoration, unfolding ever-widening views of Goodness and Wisdom in the mind of the devout student. An attempt has been made (not without some measure of success) to introduce the rudiments of this study at Rugby School. It has been found that these rudiments have a singular power of attracting the interest, and sometimes of awakening the whole mind, of Boys. But it stands to reason that at so early an age only a superficial, and not a profound, knowledge of such subjects, can be communicated. The preliminary porch to the study of God's Works in Nature is Mathematics; and until that preliminary porch has been duly passed through, no great progress can be made in Natural Knowledge. The highest view, then, of the study of

Mathematics, is that which regards it as introductory to the study of God's Works. May it not be truly said that all Human Knowledge derives its dignity from the relation, more or less remote, which the subject of it bears to God? that the glory of Language is, that He has revealed Himself in it—the glory of Physical Studies, that the framework of Nature is from His Hand—the glory of History, that on the movements of nations and individuals are imprinted the footsteps of His Providence?

This last most important branch of Study is not excluded from the regular curriculum of Rugby Education. Complaints are often made of the ignorance of the facts of History prevalent among the alumni of our Public Schools. And although against all such outcries we must still maintain that a theoretically perfect education is distinct from, and does not necessarily embrace, the imparting of information, still it is well not to press any theory too hard. Dr. Arnold, long ago, introduced the study of History, and especially of Modern

History. And this study has received permanent encouragement by the munificence of our present Sovereign. A Gold Medal is given annually by Her Majesty for an essay on some subject of Modern History; and it has been gracefully arranged that with this Prize shall be blended a commemoration of the great Teacher who first introduced the study in question. The Medal bears on its obverse the head of the Sovereign, on its reverse the following inscription:—"Historiæ recentioris Studium apud Scholam Rugbeensem, Arnolde auctore institutum, præmio fovet munificentia Reginæ."

We cannot dismiss the subject of History without pointing out its intrinsic value, as distinct from any incidental advantages which the knowledge of its facts may convey—its value in short as a discipline, and not as an accomplishment. History is the record of the experience of Nations. And from the experience of Nations must be derived those lessons of Political Wisdom, upon which alone the Statesman's conduct of nations can be safely founded. These high lessons, however,

(the highest of all secular knowledge) are beyond the present reach of a School Boy. His study of History must plainly consist rather in the amassing of materials, than in the speculative and practical deductions from them. And what dignity (as a discipline) has this amassing of materials? We conceive a great one. The grasp of the Memory is strengthened and enlarged by it. Memory is an equivocal word—it is employed to signify two very different powers. Sometimes the power of repeating by rote is meant by it—the gift which makes a man apt at, and accurate in, quotations. That is one thing, and valuable in its way. The power is cultivated at all Schools (public and private) by frequent—nay daily—repetition lessons. But it stands to reason that the power by which a man retains the facts or reasonings with which he becomes acquainted, is of a higher cast. To remember the sense (inasmuch as it implies apprehension of it) is a greater point than to remember the language in which it is couched. The latter power depends

more or less upon the bodily ear; the latter power cannot be exercised without the ear of the intelligence. Possibly mere repetition by rote (being confounded, through the equivocation of language, with a higher order of Memory) is made too exclusive an object in our Schools. Certain it is, at least, that a Boy's being able to recite a passage, by no means implies his discernment of its beauty, or even his apprehension of its sense. Certain it is also that there are many Boys, by no means deficient in intelligence, who can never thoroughly acquire the habit of repetition by rote. But the other kind of Memory necessarily involves the entertainment of the idea in the mind, and is within the reach of all. We feel that its cultivation is of the greatest importance. A man who had read but little, might be a very wise man, if he remembered all he read. Hence the habit of getting up a book of History is a very valuable habit. The Memory may drop the facts, soon after the examination has been passed, but it insensibly acquires power through the effort. The power of

thoroughly getting up any subject, is one which Education ought to impart; and the readiest instrument for the conveyance of this power is a History written in the vernacular.

The different kinds of Memory to which we have alluded, may be exerted in the preparation of a speech. A speech may be first written, then learned, and then recited memoriter. Notwithstanding that many great orations have been thus recited, we cannot but regard this plan of oratory as liable to lose much in force and freshness, besides entailing on the person who practises it, the perpetual hazard of failure, for want of the cue. Surely the freer and nobler plan is to digest the argument in the mind—to have the whole scheme mapped out in the memory—the ideas well defined and examined on all sides—and then to trust to the promptings of the moment for the language in which they shall take shape. Here, no doubt, Memory is called into play, but it is a memory which turns upon prosecution of the reasoning and orderly develop-

ment of the subject—not upon catchwords and sounds. This latter kind of memory we take to be more or less cultivated by a Boy's study of History.

But in the spirit of Man there is something of a higher order than the mind or intellect. We class under this head that faculty by which men apprehend Law, recognise Government, and are held together in the social system. This faculty also should receive development at our places of Public Education. Public Schools fulfil this function by their form of government. In all of them, we believe, the senior Boys are, to a certain extent, associated with the Masters in the executive of the School, and in the maintenance of its discipline. This principle we reckon very valuable, both as regards the governed and the governors themselves. As regards the governed, it is perfectly certain that among a large number of Boys, not always under the inspection of their Masters, the stronger will occasionally tyrannise over the weaker, and press them into their service.

This is one of the conditions under which all Schools must exist, unless indeed the Boys were curtailed of all liberty of action, and subjected to constant espionage,—an un-English method of education, never likely to succeed, even if it were desirable in this country. The wise method then is to recognise this condition, to take it up into our system,—to place it in harness, and make it work for good. Recognise the subjection (on certain definite terms) of one Boy to another (for whether you recognise it or no, it will subsist) and embrace it in the limits of your discipline. Let it be as little as possible a tyranny of brute force—let it rather assume the shape of an authority, exercised by the most deserving. Concede to the Sixth, or highest, Form (it is to be carefully observed that at Rugby, promotion in the School is awarded by merit, and therefore the highest form embraces the talent and industry of the School) a limited legal jurisdiction over the others, the power of taking cognizance of and punishing small

offences, and of making use to a certain extent of the services of Boys in the lower part of the School. Let there be an appeal (of course) from their authority to that of the Master, but so long as they exercise that authority legitimately, let them have the utmost countenance and support from the higher powers. And finally let their persons be protected from violence by the annexation to such violence of the extremest penalty known to Public Schools—that of expulsion.

At the same time, let them not imagine for an instant that their privileges involve no responsibilities. Require of them that they shall notice and visit with immediate punishment profane or unclean words, oppression, cruelty, and intimidation, with all minor offences against discipline, not of a moral character; and degrade them from their position, when proved to have been negligent herein. It appears to us that thus the necessary subordination of one Boy to another may be made conducive to the interests of all, and that Government (the idea of right, as distinct from, and not based upon, might)

will be brought home in a simple but practical shape to the minds of the members of the School.

But we regard this plan as beneficial also to those in whose hands the authority is lodged. The throwing responsibility upon the shoulders of the young (so long as it be not excessive or undue responsibility) is a most valuable auxiliary in the formation of character. It tends to develope in the mind seriousness and reflection. A midshipman sent home in command of a prize has often furnished an illustration of this. The very serious interests entrusted to his care, the absolute necessity for forethought, caution, and vigilance, which such a charge entails, have often brought out latent energies of will, latent resources of talent, and converted the merry and thoughtless tenant of the cockpit into a wise and brave young officer. The strain placed upon a mere youth by the supreme command of a vessel in seas swept by a hostile fleet, might be, we can easily conceive, unduly great, so as to crush the powers which it was meant to brace. But no such thing can be asserted of the

petty discipline of a Public School. Here surely the Boy has no trial beyond his strength—and we can hardly conceive the effect which such responsibility would have upon him to be otherwise than beneficial.

As regards the placing in such hands the power of corporal punishment, we confess our inability to perceive a distinction of *principle* between this and other forms of punishment. Corporal punishment may, no doubt be cruelly and excessively inflicted upon the impulse of the moment. Let this be restrained by legal enactment. Let the tale of blows permitted be few—very few for slight offences, and where the transgression is of a graver character, let a pause of some hours always intervene before the chastisement is inflicted. These limitations are all strictly observed at Rugby. And where they are observed, we cannot see that punishment of this kind rests on a ground different from that on which “impositions” rest. We are sure moreover, that the cane is often the more effectual restraint of the two. In the name of common sense, if a Boy in one of the dormi-

tories uses an improper expression, which is the more suitable remedy,—that the Præpostor present should inflict three smart blows with a cane, or that he should set him on the spot a hundred lines of Virgil to be written out and shown up to-morrow “after Twelve.”

But it may be asked, why should not the Masters themselves carry out all the discipline of the School single-handed? Their limited numbers, and the already heavy demands upon their time, would preclude their doing this in a Public School of average size. But even if it could be done, we are prepared to protest against it on the ground of principle. The constant unremitting supervision of Boys by Masters is inconsistent with free growth of character. Character often turns out bad with free growth—*but it would turn out uniformly weak without free growth.* Leave Boys to themselves, and many will fall. Never leave them to themselves, and we feel that none will stand. School should be a preparation for life, and if so, it must involve trials of character. There is comparatively no trial if a Boy is always under a Master’s eye. The result

of this last system would be indeed hopeful and promising during School life, but what would it be when the restraint is withdrawn? Outward restraint does not eradicate,—nay, it rather irritates — inward corruption. When your Schoolboy who has been hitherto watched enters upon the comparative freedom of the University, the probabilities are that he will give the rein to those propensities, which only an external surveillance has held in check. On the other hand, as Public Schools are actually worked, they turn out many bad Boys. But they turn out some wise and strong ones, wise in the wisdom to discern, strong in the strength to resist, evil. They have passed through lower forms of trial well, and this is an earnest that they will pass well through the higher forms. They have sustained a moral discipline — the main point in Education.

And, even where a boy fails beneath this discipline, we cannot but feel freedom of character to be the result of freedom of system. When you have said the worst of our Public School system, you cannot but admit that the

openness of manner, the absence of suspiciousness, the frankness of bearing, which characterise the English Gentleman, are more or less due to the feeling in youth that there are certain hours when a boy is his own master, and exempt from the supervision which exerts a formal restraint upon him in School.

The highest faculty of the human spirit is that whereby man holds communion with his Maker. This highest faculty should first and before all things else, in virtue of its pre-eminence, receive development in any sound system of Education. The means of its development are not left, as in the cases hitherto considered, to man's devising, or to the resources of human ingenuity. God has instituted means for the awakening and maintaining of the spiritual life—means which branch out into three great heads, the Word, Prayer, the Sacraments. The former comprises all communication of religious knowledge from man to man. We embrace under it all religious teaching,—the catechetical lesson, or theological lecture, no less than preach-

ing in the formal and ordinary sense of the term. We believe that Scriptural Lessons and those which have for their object the illustration and explanation of the Liturgy, are, in pursuance of the example first set by Dr. Arnold, rather of more frequent occurrence at Rugby School than elsewhere. In the weekdays, there is always one, in the highest form two of these lessons; on Sundays two throughout the whole School. On Sunday there is but one Sermon, and that annexed to the afternoon or shorter service. Our experience has led us to believe that on the whole this is the wisest arrangement which could be made. Indeed it may be greatly questioned whether, if all the members of the congregation could be made to hear it (which is the case in Schools), one Sermon in every Church on the Sunday would not be all that was desirable. Our Service Book, which may be supposed to lay down a theoretically perfect rule, certainly requires no more, and we presume that the demand for a second Sermon in ordinary parochial Churches arises from the fact of many members of the

congregation being only able to attend one Service. Hence many, who could only get to church once on the Sunday, might never receive Christian instruction in the form of Sermons. We believe that one short and good Sermon, listened to and thought of by all, might be of more benefit than two, which might distract a devout mind between two totally distinct subjects of thought. But whatever be the case under ordinary circumstances, we are certain that one religious exhortation during the day is all that young minds can bear with profit. All should be done that can be done to divest religious exercises of the character of dulness, which youth is too apt to connect with them, and to relieve the ennui which, even with people well disposed to listen, is (more or less inevitably) the result of prolixity.

The Psalms and Canticles of the Church are at Rugby accompanied with the accessories, usual to them in Collegiate Churches, of music and chanting—an arrangement, which, where it can be understood and followed by all, certainly enlivens the service. The Nicene

Creed is always sung,—a practice which by no means meets with universal approval, even from those who advocate the choral performance of the Psalms and Hymns, but which we conceive to be fully justified by the theory of 'introducing the Creeds in Divine Service, as set forth in the following extract from Dr. Arnold's Sermons:

"In the Catechism, the Creed, as we all know, is made
 "a sort of text for instruction in Christian truth; in the
 "Baptismal Service, and in that for the Sick, it is made a
 "touchstone, to know whether a man is fit to enter, or
 "whether he may be considered as remaining to the end in
 "the society of Christians; but in our daily service it
 "partakes much more of the nature of a triumphant hymn;
 "and accordingly, not only is it left to the choice of the
 "congregation whether it shall be said or sung, but it
 "might be imagined that the Church esteemed the latter
 "the preferable method: for whereas the Rubric directs
 "that the psalms and other hymns shall be either *said or*
 "*sung*, of the Creeds it is directed, in a contrary order,
 "that they shall be either *sung or said*. This, indeed,
 "may only be accident, though, if it be, it is a curious
 "coincidence; but whether it be accident or design, it
 "certainly affords a very good illustration of the light in
 "which the Creeds should be regarded; not as reviving
 "the memory of old disputes, and a sort of declaration

"of war against those who may not agree with us in them,
"but as principally a free and triumphant confession of
"thanksgiving to God for all the mighty works which he
"has done for us."

As regards Private Prayer, the securing a quiet period for its performance in the dormitories, is one of the duties which devolves upon the Præpostors or senior Boys. We believe that in all our Public Schools at the present day, the neglect of the form of private Prayer is quite an exceptional occurrence. Would that there were any thing like a general prevalence of its spirit!

The Holy Communion is administered four times (at least) in every Half Year, twice in the course of the Half Year, as well as on the first and last Sundays. The non-attendance of individuals is never commented upon—frequently not even observed—and every step is taken which can ensure the attendance being a really free and unfettered act on the part of the communicant. We are happy to be able to add that the numbers who avail themselves of this highest Ordinance of Religion, bear quite an adequate proportion to the number of

those to whom it is open, and that we do not often see in any congregation of communicants more outward propriety of behaviour, and more appearance of unaffected devotion.

Reader, we have conducted you, according to an order which has been perhaps more apparent to ourselves than to you, through the History of Rugby School. In our two first Chapters you have its Personal History, all of it gathering around Lawrence Sheriffe and Dr. Arnold. In the two next Chapters is presented to you our Architectural History, or, if you will, our In-door Life, as connected partly with our Chapel, partly with our School-buildings. Our Out-door Life,—our Games and Country Rambles,—are next placed before the eye of your mind, and, through the kind and efficient aid of our Artist, before the eye of your body also. As an appropriate close of our Volume, we have endeavoured to state, with certain criticisms of our own, the upshot of all the preceding, in a brief sketch of the general Educational

System pursued at this said Rugby School, in the Year of Grace 1856, when now the busy, restless, inquisitive, nineteenth Century has passed its meridian point, and is on the decline. It only remains for us to make our bow with the old Terentian valediction,

At vos valete et plaudite.

Not that we ask your plaudits for ourselves. Good actors endeavour to fix the attention of their audience not upon their own efforts, but upon the piece which they represent; and our design in presenting to you these pages is that our dear Old School, which, in its various relations we have endeavoured to pourtray, may win your grace and favour, and that, from a hearty good will to her, you may join with all Old Rugbeians and ourselves, before you lay aside this Book, in the enthusiastic acclamation

Florreat Rugbeia.

THE END.

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